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Allegiances

~COPYRIGHT STATEMENT REGARDING MY WARRIORS FICS~
I am putting this here simply because it has become quite an issue lately. Please DO NOT use my original characters/clans/concepts in any of your Warriors fics. (This does not include warriors cats/clans with the same names. I understand coincidences if we happened to pick the same names.) I work hard on my novels, and it is upsetting to witness a circumstance where the author feels they need to "borrow" ideas/characters from me because they're not creative enough. Simply stated, the Warriors world is big and complex enough for an author to be able to create his or her own characters/ clans/plot. Thank you for your understanding.

~STATEMENT REGARDING GRAMMATICAL ERRORS AND COMMENTS~

Please REFRAIN from continually correcting typos and grammatical errors. I am a grammar nazi myself, and I understand some of you are too, but I have several published works and do not have time to correct EVERY error. Unless the error severely limits your understanding of the story, I will not be taking immediate action to fix these typos. Please REFRAIN from telling me "cats can't cry" and "cats can't blush" etc. These novels are a work of FICTION. I know cats can't cry and perform human-like characteristics; however, this is a work of fiction and is written in a way to convey emotion. I am sick and tired of getting comments like these because they detract from my work and make it seem like you care more about correcting typos/ (sorry) being a pompous know-it-all than reading and enjoying a work. Don't be surprised if I get sassy/sarcastic with you in the comments. I ask you refrain from making such comments on my work.

CATS MENTIONED IN SERIES:

STARCLAN CATS:

Skycloud: gray tabby she-cat with white paws and chest

Mossclaw: pure white tom

ROGUES:

Ginger-old ginger she-cat

KITTYPETS:

Charlie-old brown tabby tom

Gloria-black she-cat with green eyes

Rose-pure white she-cat with green eyes

Prologue

StarClan was more peaceful than ever. The trees were full of leaves. The river was rushing water slowly. The meadow looked beautiful. Everything was good.

Skycloud sat down in the meadow waiting for the other cats to arrive. They were to discuss not only Mosskit, but his destiny as well.

Icestar arrived into the meadow and sat down beside Skycloud. Skycloud smiled as the other cats began to arrive. Mossclaw sat down next to Skycloud.

"Are you sure he's the cat?" Thorndapple asked.

"Positive," Icestar replied.

"Mosskit will be going on the greatest adventure of his life. He'll understand StarClan and the clans better than any other cat," Petalnose said.

"He'll have much experience," Tooth said.

"What if he fails?" Blacktail asked.

"He has to be the cat that fulfills this prophecy!" Skycloud growled. Mossclaw set his tail on Skycloud's shoulder and Skycloud calmed down.

"We've seen every other cat," Rosefur explained. "No other cat fulfills this prophecy except Mosskit."

"What is the prophecy again, Rosefur?" Mossclaw asked.

But before Rosefur could speak, Skycloud did. "As leaves fall, a pure white kitten of moss shall be born to the sky. The kit will gain more intelligence than any cat. Guided by the sky, the kit must fulfill the destiny of discovering his true-self."

"I must guide him," Skycloud said.

"Indeed," Olivetail said.

"He will face many challenges," Icestar said. "It is your job to help him overcome these challenges. Do whatever you must to make sure he keeps going."

"I shall," Skycloud said. "I shall do whatever it takes to make sure Mosskit starts out on the right foot."

"Then it's settled," Tooth said. "Skycloud is in charge of this prophecy. You shall be watching him at all times."

"I will. I already have a few plans," she smiled.

"Whatever you do, do not ruin this prophecy," Mossclaw said. "Cats have been waiting for ages for this prophecy to be fulfilled."

"I won't fail StarClan. I will fail no clan," Skycloud said. "You can trust me."

"I trust you," Rosefur said.

"As do I," Petalnose spoke and touched her tail to Skycloud.

One by one, each cat spoke of their trust towards Skycloud. Skycloud smiled. She would make sure Mosskit was alright. She would protect him no matter what. She was the sky and she would guide the kit.

Chapter 1

"Run, Mosskit!" Skycloud yowled.

"What?" Mosskit asked.

"Run! Don't look back! Keep on running until you're safe! Run!"

"But, Momma..."

"No, Mosskit! Run now! Run!"

Tears slid down Mosskit's cheek. He gave one last look at his mother and ran off into a meadow, running as fast as he could.

Running, that was the only thing Mosskit could think of. He had been excited to receive such a lovely family, but it hurt him to leave his mother and her mate behind.

The smell of smoke was strong, and Mosskit was tired of running, but he couldn't stop. He had to keep running no matter what. He coughed as he inhaled some smoke.

The night sky was nowhere in sight because of the heavy smoke. Mosskit screeched as fire licked the tip of the branch behind him. The fire was catching up to him. He had to run faster.

With all his energy, Mosskit ran. He ran like he had never ran before. He speeded past the fire until he came to a creek. The fire crackled behind him. He had to jump. He would never make the jump. He had to swim.

Mosskit jumped into the creek and quickly made it through the shallow creek until he was on the other side, away from the fire. He ran through the woods. The fire was behind him now, but he didn't want to take any chances.

Owls hooted. Bats swept through the night. Foxes and

badgers lurked nearby. But Mosskit had to keep running.

He could feel the hard ground on his paws as he ran along the slope. He gasped as he came to a large rock pile. He had to get up it.

Mosskit began to climb carefully up the pile, trying not to slip. Rocks slipped beneath his feet and Mosskit held on tightly. He lifted himself up and sat to get a breath. He heard a growl from down below and noticed a fox.

"I have to run," he whispered. He quickly began to run on the landscape with the fox right behind him. The fox snapped at his tail, but missed.

Mosskit gasped for breath when suddenly he came to some tunnels. He had to go through them or else the fox would get him. He quickly crawled through the tunnels and hid. The fox pushed his muzzle into the hole and snapped his teeth, but he was unsuccessful.

Mosskit decided to rest until he caught his breath. He wasn't exactly sure how to escape these tunnels. He began to creep through. It was dark, and he could barely see a thing.

He was in there for an hour until he finally saw light peeping through a hole. He heaved himself out to see the moon shining. No more clouds. Just stars. His mother and father must have been shining down on him.

Mosskit started to run again. He was still deep in the woods. He kept running until he came to a large river. This river was much longer than the creek he had crossed earlier. There was no way he could swim across. He would have to jump.

Mosskit looked up to notice the two large trees on each side of the river. The branches came close to each other. Mosskit would have to climb the tree.

Mosskit dug his claws into the bark. He had never climbed a tree before, but he was going to have to. It took him a few tries, but

Mosskit finally reached the first branch.

He began to climb until he reached the second branch. Then the third. Soon he was at the branch that almost connected to the tree across the river.

Mosskit carefully walked across the branch. The river below him flowed rapidly. Mosskit gulped and continued walking.

He neared the edge of the branch. The branch on the other tree was barely three feet away. With all his might, Mosskit jumped, his front paws outstretched. His claws were unsheathed, so that he may hold on to the branch.

Mosskit's nails dug into the other branch, but his feet hung freely below near the river. Mosskit mewed. "Momma!"

He knew Skycloud was dead. There was still hope that surged through him. He hoped she was still alive.

Mosskit knew his mother would not come for him now. He managed to get his back legs onto the branch and he carefully slid down the tree avoiding the river.

The morning sun had began to rise now. Mosskit was exhausted. He kept running through the forest until he came to a large clearing. It was a beautiful meadow.

Mosskit knew he could run no further. He was safe from the fire, safe from the foxes, safe from everything. Mosskit found a large log in the meadow. He crawled inside, checking to see if it was occupied. No creature was inside. He yawned and laid down in the log. He then closed his eyes and slept.

Chapter 2

When Mosskit awoke, he assumed it was near the afternoon. The sun was shining brightly over the meadow he had been sleeping in, and no creature stirred.

Mosskit's muscles were tense from all of the climbing and running through the forest from the previous night. He padded out of the log and stretched. His muscles ached badly, but stretching seemed to help some.

His pure white pelt was coated in dirt and leaves. He decided to find a stream to wash the dirt off.

Mosskit's stomach growled, and he realized how hungry he was. He had no idea how to find food. He had never learned how to hunt. His only chance would be to find leftovers from another cat's meal, if there were any cats around here.

Within taking a few steps, Mosskit sensed another cat in his presence. "Hello?" he asked.

An orange she-cat wandered out of some bushes and Mosskit quickly ran back into the log. "Please don't hurt me!" he yowled.

But as the she-cat came forward, he noticed she was a much older she-cat, and she gave Mosskit a warm smile.

"I won't hurt you," she said. "Please, come out of there."

Mosskit wasn't sure if he could trust the she-cat or not, but he hated the thought of being alone, so he nervously edged out of the log trying not to make eye contact.

"What's a kit like you doing out alone in the woods?" she asked.

Mosskit looked down, trying to avoid tears. "My momma

died in a forest fire."

"The big fire many miles away from here?!"

Mosskit nodded sadly.

"I could see the smoke rising up from the trees," the she-cat said. "You poor kit. You've lost your mother at a fairly young age."

Mosskit sat down now and the she-cat edged towards him. Mosskit flinched, thinking she was going to kill him, but she she-cat rubbed her pelt against his reminding him of Skycloud, and how she would always do this to him.

"What's your name?" the old she-cat asked.

"Mosskit," he said, barely audible.

The she-cat may have been old, but she wasn't hard of hearing. "Hi, Mosskit. My name is Ginger. I'm a rogue here. No other cats live in this forest besides me. Come on, I'll take you to my den. Are you hungry?"

Mosskit nodded. He followed Ginger through the meadow. Once some trees came into view, he spotted the den. It was near the edge of the meadow. Ginger walked in while Mosskit stayed outside.

"Come in," Ginger said.

Mosskit padded inside the den to see it full of herbs, prey, and moss filled with water. "Wow!" Mosskit said.

Ginger left a dead squirrel at his feet. Mosskit had never tried meat before, but his growling belly reminded him of his hunger, so he took a bite.

After the first bite, Mosskit continued eating the delicious squirrel until it was nearly gone. Full, Mosskit sat up against the den.

"My my, your pelt is all dirty," Ginger said. "Where have

you been?"

"Momma told me to run, so I ran throughout the forest. I ran all night until the sun began to rise."

"Let's get you to the nearby stream," Ginger said. Once again, he followed the she-cat until they came upon a shallow stream nearby.

Mosskit touched the water with his tail and flinched. It was mighty cold, just like the stream he had crossed the previous night. He walked in the stream, ignoring the coldness spreading throughout his body. Once all of his body was wet and the dirt had left his pelt, he padded out of the stream and shook his pelt.

"Your pelt looks so much cleaner!" Ginger exclaimed.

Mosskit followed her back into the meadow to let his pelt dry. He layed down next to the old she-cat and smiled. He didn't have to worry about himself anymore because this she-cat would take care of him now.

"So you are a clan cat, I presume," Ginger said.

"I guess so," Mosskit said. "This rogue captured Momma and me, but then he let us go, so we returned to SnowClan, but Momma didn't want to leave the rogue because she fell for him, so we headed back, and then the fire came."

"You are a SnowClan cat? I have heard of the clans miles away, but I did not know their names."

"Yes, there's SnowClan, CloudClan, and FoxClan. Once there was an evil clan named MoonClan, but SnowClan and FoxClan drove them away!" he exclaimed. "Are you a clan cat?"

Ginger shook her head. "Oh no, I was born a rogue and I've always been a rogue. I once thought of joining the clans, but I didn't think they would accept me."

"Oh," Mosskit said. His pelt had nearly dried and the sun had begun to set on the horizon.

"Why don't you sleep?" Ginger said. "I assume you're sore from all that running."

Mosskit nodded and followed Ginger into her den. Ginger laid down some fresh moss for him, and Mosskit slept peacefully with the she-cat at his side. It was as if his mother was with him now.

Chapter 3

Mosskit opened his eyes to see an empty den. Where was Ginger? He nervously got up and began to sniff around. The scent on her vacant nest was stale. Did the she-cat not care about him? Maybe she would come back. Maybe she wouldn't.

Mosskit tried to ignore the fact that if she didn't come back, he would be on his own. There was enough prey in the den at the moment to last him a few weeks. He knew where water was. Once the prey ran out, though, he would have to go off again.

His thoughts of worry came to an end, however, when Ginger stepped through the entrance of den, carrying two large robins.

"Ginger, you're back!" Mosskit exclaimed. "I thought you left me!"

Ginger dropped the two robins in the prey pile. "No, Mosskit. Don't you ever think I would leave you. I couldn't leave a kit out in the woods all alone. If I'm not here in the morning, it means I've been hunting or getting some water. If one day I do not return by afternoon, come looking for me or stay put so another cat can find you."

"Okay," Mosskit said. If Ginger did not return, then what would he do?

Ginger picked up his worried face and spoke again. "Mosskit, don't worry about me. Remember what I told you? There are no cats in these woods except for loners that pass by. The nearest cat you would find is by the twoleg place."

"Okay," Mosskit said again. He began to eat one of the robins that Ginger had caught. Once he became full, he laid down to nap.

About a week had passed since Ginger had been taking care of Mosskit. She fed him, gave him water, and even taught him some fighting and hunting moves. She didn't mentor Mosskit though. She explained to him that once he became older, she would teach him some valuable hunting and fighting moves.

"Mosskit!" Ginger yowled. "Let's go hunt!"

Mosskit smiled and bounded out of the den towards the she-cat. Together, they padded into the forest.

The forest had once been a dark and dangerous place to Mosskit. He still remember that night of the fire where he had ran through the forest all night until he came to the meadow that was now his home.

The forest showed new light now. He realized how resourceful it was. The forest gave him food and water and offered him protection from a storm. He was no longer scared of entering the woods.

They walked for awhile until Ginger came to an abrupt stop. She paused and crouched down in the grass. Mosskit stood, knowing she had spotted some prey. Suddenly, Ginger pouched and came out of the tall grass with a mouse in her jaws.

"Wow, that was amazing!" Mosskit exclaimed.

"Shh," Ginger said. "Not too loud. You'll scare all the rest of the prey in the woods with your mewing."

"Sorry," Mosskit said and looked down.

Ginger smiled. "Why don't you try to catch something?"

"Okay," Mosskit whispered.

He padded around the forest with Ginger right behind him. Suddenly, something caught his eye. It was a plump ground squirrel. It chewed cautiously on a nut, looking around for any predators.

Mosskit crouched down in the grass and kept his tail low, trying not to drag it on the forest floor. The squirrel stopped eating for a split second, almost noticing Mosskit, but soon he continued eating.

Mosskit approached as close as he could. He crouched, ready to pounce. The squirrel looked around again, but Mosskit jumped and clasped his paws together. Mosskit was thinking that he would feel the paws of his pads touch each other, but instead, a large squirrel laid between his paws. The squirrel squirmed, but Mosskit bit its neck, causing the squirrel to go limp.

What had just happened? Had he just caught a squirrel? The squirrel was almost the same size as him. He turned around with the prey. Ginger gasped.

"You have an excellent hunting ability, Mosskit. I have no idea how you caught that squirrel. I thought maybe you could've caught a mouse, but a squirrel of that size? Not a lot of cats can do that, especially kits like you."

Mosskit smiled. "I'll carry your squirrel," Ginger said. "You can carry the mouse." Mosskit held the mouse between his jaws while Ginger carried the squirrel.

The two came into the den, dropping their prey on the prey pile. Mosskit wasn't too hungry and decided to save his squirrel for later.

"In the clans," Mosskit began, "we hunt for our clan first. Then we get to hunt for ourselves."

"That seems silly," Ginger said. "You caught the prey."

"Momma said that we are a team. We are all loyal to each other. Our clan comes above everything else...well except StarClan."

"Even your family members?" Ginger asked.

Mosskit nodded.

"That must be tough," Ginger said.

"Not for me," Mosskit said. "All my family is dead."

"I'm sorry," Ginger said. "Your clans are very interesting though. I've always wondered what the clans were like. How do you know so much if you were a rogue?"

"Momma told me everything. She was a clan cat. We did return home one time after we were captured, but Momma said it wasn't the same. Everyone she loved was gone. She taught me all about the clans though," Mosskit said.

"So you are a clan cat through blood?" Ginger asked.

Mosskit nodded. "Yes!"

Ginger smiled and Mosskit laughed. He enjoyed the she-cat very much.

Chapter 4

Another week had passed, and Mosskit was adjusting well in his new home with Ginger. Mosskit had caught no other prey, but he had been proud of his squirrel that he had caught. It took Mosskit a few days to finish it, but the squirrel was just bones and fur now.

Ginger had taught him a few more fighting and hunting moves, but he still needed to practice them. He was experiencing some trouble. Ginger had promised a treat soon.

"Wake up, Mosskit," Ginger nudged him with her tail.

"Huh? What is it Ginger?" Mosskit asked.

"Time for your little treat!" Ginger exclaimed.

"What is it?" Mosskit stood up and began to bounce around with excitement.

"We're going to the twoleg nest!"

Mosskit stopped bouncing. "The twoleg nest? Why there?"

"They have a huge supply of plump birds and squirrels! You've never been to one before, have you?" Ginger asked.

Mosskit shook his head. "I didn't know there was lots of prey there."

"Oh yes," Ginger said. "Especially at the park."

"Park?" Mosskit asked.

"It's like the forest for kittypets except its inhabited by all sorts of twolegs."

"Let's go!" Mosskit said.

The two traveled for about an hour until they came upon the twoleg place. It was huge! Twoleg kits rode on small monsters, except it was like a more skeletal monster. Fat birds chirped from the trees. Dogs attached to leashes walked with their twolegs. The cats all had collars with small bells attached that would scare away any prey.

"Wait for me," Ginger said. "Monsters come speeding down this street. Follow."

Mosskit followed Ginger down the street until they came upon what Ginger called a "park". It was a large outstretch of grass, filled with twolegs and their kits, dogs, and squirrels and birds.

The grass felt weird on Mosskit's paws. It was much shorter and had a different texture than the grass in the forest.

"Try not to be too noticeable," Ginger said. "Twolegs and their kits love little kittens like you. They'd do anything to just pick you up and take you home!"

The park was alive with chatter of the twolegs. The squirrels and birds here were different. Normal noises would've scared them away, but here, the prey was much more lazy.

"Mouse!" Mosskit gasped as he spotted one streaming across the grass. It stopped for a few split seconds to rest. Mosskit crouched down again, ready to pounce when the mouse scurried away as a twoleg yowled.

Mosskit turned around to see a twoleg kit running towards him. Scared, Mosskit jumped into the bushes away from the kit. "Ginger!" he mewed. The she-cat quickly appeared.

"I saw the incident," Ginger said. "That's the problem with these twolegs. How about you wait here while I do the catching. Stay in the bushes. No twoleg would go looking in the bushes."

Mosskit waited awhile until Ginger entered again with two large squirrels hanging from her jaw. She dropped them and licked

her paws.

"These squirrels are so lazy. They didn't even know I was behind them. They couldn't even move their squirmy legs when I pounced. Well, let's eat."

Mosskit ate away at the squirrel. He hadn't had anything in the morning, so a nice afternoon snack made him feel comfortable.

"We should be heading back now," Ginger said. "I'll grab the squirrels."

Ginger grabbed the squirrels in her jaw with Mosskit following right behind her. They exited the park until they came onto the street. Mosskit was so intrigued with the twolegs, he padded right onto the street.

"Mosskit, over here!" Ginger yowled.

Mosskit went to turn when suddenly a monster came storming down the twoleg path. "GET OUT OF THE WAY!" Ginger yowled.

Mosskit was frozen. Suddenly, he was pushed aside as the monster came by, leaving Mosskit unharmed.

"Ginger!" he yowled.

The old she-cat laid on the street, wounded. Mosskit padded over to her. The thunderpath was quiet now. It was as if all life had stopped. "Stupid twolegs," Ginger whispered. Mosskit laughed. Even as she was wounded, Ginger could still find humor.

"What-how can I fix you? Is there a medicine cat around here?!" Mosskit yowled.

Ginger got up and staggered. She grabbed Mosskit by the scruff and limped over towards the nearest twoleg house. Mosskit hadn't realized how deep her wounds were. Could she die? The ginger she-cat left Mosskit on a porch.

"What are you-," Mosskit began.

"Stay here," Ginger said. With all her might, she leapt on the wall, pressing an odd button.

"Don't come looking for me. Stay here. It has been a pleasure, Mosskit," Ginger said. The old she-cat padded off, leaving a trail of blood behind her.

She was dying. Mosskit knew she wouldn't survive. That's why she had left him here. A tear slid down his cheek. He remembered her promise. She had promised to never leave him without making sure he would be safe. It was like his mother. Why had these cats made so many sacrifices for him?

"Ginger!" he yowled one last time. No response came. The she-cat had either gone by now or she had died near the house somewhere.

Suddenly, the twoleg door opened and Mosskit glanced at the twoleg kit before him. She made a sound and then the kit's parents came. They lifted Mosskit up and brought him inside, enclosing him in their nest.

Chapter 5

Trapped. That's how Mosskit felt. The twolegs had set him down in his nest just moments ago, and Mosskit already felt trapped. He didn't want to be a kittypet! He wanted to be a clan cat! Mosskit sighed. He knew he would be stuck here forever until he found a way out.

"Hey." Mosskit gasped. He turned to see a plump, old tom looking at him. He had dark brown fur and tabby markings.

"Who-who are you?" Mosskit gasped.

"The name's Charlie. It's a good thing you came around. Them twolegs wanted another two cats. It was a blessing when they found you on their step."

"How do you know what they're saying?" Mosskit asked.

"I've grown up with twolegs all my life. Haven't you?" Charlie asked.

"No! I'm a forest cat!" Mosskit growled.

"Forest cat, eh? I've heard of them before. You all live with each other, right? I used to know a cat that wanted to be a forest cat. He left in them woods long ago and I haven't seen him since. Probably killed off by a wild animal," Charlie said.

"No. There are no cats in the forest by here."

"No cats? Then how are you a forest cat?!"

"A fire came to my clan. My mother told me to run off, so I did. I ran all night until I came to the forest by here," Mosskit said.

Charlie chuckled. "Touching story, kit. I never knew my mother. I was taken away from her."

"That's terrible!" Mosskit exclaimed.

Charlie chuckled again. "All kittypets never know their parents! No one knows their father! You're lucky if you know your mother!"

How could these kittypets live like this? They would grow up all alone, never to step foot outdoors.

"Have you gotten your new name yet?" Charlie asked.

"New name?"

"Yup! Those twolegs rename you! Look here they are now. They must've been discussing!"

The twoleg kit picked Mosskit up. "Frosty!" she yowled.

"Your new name is Frosty!" Charlie said.

Frosty? His name was Mosskit. Mosskit knew he would have to go along with this name though. The twoleg set Mosskit down.

"Have you had anything to eat?" Charlie asked.

"I just ate a squirrel, actually."

"You got to try that twoleg food! They feed it to us all the time!" Charlie remarked.

Mosskit glanced at his plump stomach. "I can see that," Mosskit said.

"Well if you're not gonna eat, go meet them neighbors," Charlie said. "The neighbors have a new kitten next door."

"Fine," Mosskit said. He came to the door, unable to get out. He then noticed a small door that led to the outside. Mosskit padded through until he felt the breeze blowing on him again.

Mosskit could escape right now. He could escape and never set foot here again. But he had to stay here. There was no way he

could survive in the woods on his own. He didn't even really know how to hunt. It was useless. He could never return home.

"Hey, you!"

Mosskit glanced around to see a young kit around his age sitting on the fence. Her black pelt stood out against the brown fence. Her bright green eyes stood out as well.

"Um, hi?" Mosskit said.

"What's your name?" the she-cat asked.

"M-I mean Frosty," Mosskit said. He would have to start using this now. His new name was Frosty.

"You new, Frosty?"

"Yes," Frosty replied.

"Well, I'm Gloria. Nice to meet you." She leapt down from the fence. "Be careful. Don't wanna eat too much of that kittypet food. You might end up like old Charlie."

"I'll try not to," Frosty said.

Gloria smiled. "Has the new cat came yet?"

"New cat?" Frosty asked.

"Oh that's right you didn't know! Well, they're getting a she-cat soon. I'll see you later!" she said. In a second, she was gone.

A she-cat? Frosty wasn't sure about this. What was going on? He did know one thing. This morning his name had been Mosskit and he had been hunting with Ginger. Now his name was Frosty and he was a kittypet. He did like Gloria though. He was in need of a real friend...really bad.

Chapter 6

Frosty got up. His stomach growled. He padded over to his bowl labeled "Frosty". Should he even try the twoleg food? His stomach growled again and Frosty sighed. There were no other choices.

Frosty took a bite of the food. He almost spit it out. It tasted nothing like real prey. It was artificial flavors and weird twoleg foods packed into one little circle.

"I would eat that," Charlie said.

"It tastes disgusting!" Frosty spat.

Charlie chuckled. "You just never grew up eating that. You're barely two months old!"

"Months?" Frosty asked.

"Yeah you know. A full month! About thirty days. Full moon cycle."

"Oh you mean two moons!" Frosty laughed.

"I would still eat the food. Maybe you'll get used to it. If you don't eat, the twolegs will probably take you to the vet."

"The cutter?"

"You clan cats have weird language," Charlie said. "Yep they'll take you to the cutter. The vet will probably assign you even nastier food."

Frosty sighed. "Alright, I'll eat it." Frosty dipped his mouth back into the bowl, gobbling every last piece up.

"I think I'm gonna be sick," Frosty groaned.

Charlie laughed. "Well you didn't have to eat *all* of it. Just don't eat anymore for today unless you feel like it."

"I don't feel like eating it anymore," Frosty groaned.

Charlie chuckled. "Suits me. Why don't you go catch a bird or something?"

"I've only caught a squirrel," Frosty said.

"What?! You told me you were a clan cat!"

"We don't even learn to hunt until were six moons-I mean months," he said.

Their conversation was interrupted as the twolegs entered with a box. "Is that the new cat?" Frosty whispered.

Charlie laughed. "No. That's probably your new collar! The cat won't be coming until tomorrow."

The twolegs unwrapped the box, revealing a dark blue collar with a nametag and silver bell. Labelled on the nametag was "Frosty".

"I don't want to wear that!" Frosty whined.

"Well you're going to have to," Charlie said.

The twolegs tried to slip the collar on Frosty, but Frosty ran into the corner, hiding behind a chair. He thought he was safe, but he wasn't as a twoleg picked him up from the other side. Frosty mewed and whimpered, but they slipped the collar on him. Frosty groaned. The collar felt weird on his neck. He tried to shake it off, but it was no use. It was on there for good. The only thing that shaking did was ring the bell attached.

"I'm going outside," Frosty groaned. Charlie laughed again.

Frosty padded outside, still uncomfortable with the new collar. "Hey there, Frosty!"

"Oh, hi Gloria," Frosty said.

"I see you got your collar!" Gloria said, jumping down from her fence into the backyard.

"Yeah. It feels really uncomfortable around my neck," Frosty said.

Gloria laughed, pointing her tail to her green collar. "When I first got my collar, it was uncomfortable too, but I got used to it."

"Well that bell will scare every piece of prey within a ten mile radius," Frosty complained.

"Prey? What are you talking about?"

"I'm not a kittypet! I'm a clan cat!" Frosty hissed.

Gloria was taken aback by his comment. "Sorry," she said. "I have heard about those clan cats though. At least what Charlie's told me. How did you get here."

Frosty sighed and began to tell the story of how he ended up here to Gloria.

"Your mother is dead?"

Frosty nodded.

"What about your father?" Gloria asked.

"He died before I was born."

"I never knew my mother," Gloria said. "I was found in a box near here. I was taken to the shelter and then my twolegs adopted me."

"I guess we sort of share the same history then," Frosty said.

"Why don't you just escape?" Gloria asked.

"I don't know how to hunt or fight. Any cat or wild animal could kill me in battle."

"Well, maybe one day you'll leave," Gloria said.

"Maybe," Frosty replied, knowing he would be stuck here forever.

Chapter 7

When Frosty awoke the next day, a carrying cage laid in the center of the room. A new scent filled the air. Another cat was in his presence.

"Charlie," Frosty nudged the old tom.

"What? Is dinner ready?"

Frosty rolled his eyes. "Is that the new cat?" he asked.

Charlie eyed the cage for a second. "Yup! That's the new she-cat. I wonder when she'll get let out of her cage."

Frosty shrugged. "Who knows?"

Charlie stretched and padded over to his bowl. "Aw, no breakfast!" He sat down and began to mew loudly.

"What are you doing?" Frosty asked.

"I'm hungry," Charlie said. "The least those twolegs could do is get their lazy behinds out of bed and pour me some food." He began to mew again.

Frosty heard footsteps and he shrunk down in his bed. One of the twolegs began to yowl at Charlie and then poured some food into his bowl. Charlie mewed as if to say "thank you" and began to gobble up his food.

Frosty hadn't touched his dinner last night. He hated the new twoleg food. Frosty was hungry though, so he padded over to his bowl. It was empty. No food was in it. Why?

Frosty was about to mew when the twoleg slid something else into his bowl. Frosty sniffed it. It had an awful smell.

"What is this?" Frosty asked Charlie, who had licked his

bowl clean.

"You lucky duck! That's tuna! Try it! I rarely get it!"

Frosty hesitated for a moment but began to gobble up the fish. It tasted delicious. Frosty licked his bowl clean as well. The twoleg smiled at him. Frosty licked his lips. The taste still rang in his mouth.

The twoleg walked over to the cage. *They're letting the cat out!* Frosty thought. As the cage opened, a beautiful white kitten yawned. Her eyes were icy blue and she padded around the room, sniffing the new scents.

The twoleg kits soon came out and grabbed the kitten, twirling her around. The kitten mewed happily. "Rose!" the twolegs called.

"That's her name," Charlie said. "They named her Rose." The twolegs had begun to talk.

"What are they saying?" Frosty asked.

"They're going to go get a bowl and collar for Rose. Guess the twolegs won't be back for awhile."

Charlie was right. The twolegs had exited the house leaving Frosty, Charlie, and Rose alone.

"Hi there," Rose said, padding over to the two toms.

"How do you do, miss?" Charlie asked.

"I'm good, thank you," Rose said.

"So your name is Rose?" Frosty asked.

"Yup. What's your name?" she asked.

"Mossk-," Charlie slapped him with his tail.

"Mosskuh?" Rose asked.

"His name is Frosty," Charlie said.

"Well um nice to meet you Frosty," Rose said.

Frosty stood there awkwardly as Charlie and Rose talked to each other. Obviously, Rose had been born with other kittypets because she knew everything about twolegs.

Frosty got annoyed and padded outside to talk to Gloria. "Gloria!" he yowled.

The black she-cat soon appeared. "Did the new cat come?"

"Yeah."

"What does she look like?" Gloria asked.

"She's a really pretty white she-cat with these icy blue eyes."

"What's her name?"

"Rose."

Gloria groaned. "What is with twolegs and their cats today?" Gloria slipped down from the fence.

"What do you mean?" Frosty asked.

"Twolegs try to find the prettiest cats outs there. When they do find a pretty cat, they give them the most beautiful name out there. I'm basically the only non-pretty cat with an ugly name."

"I don't think you or your name is ugly," Frosty said.

"Really?" Gloria asked.

Frosty nodded. "I don't even get why my twolegs keep getting all these cats."

"You don't?" Gloria asked.

"No. Is that surprising or something?" Frosty asked.

"You do realize what they're doing, don't you?"

"No. What?"

"They're going to make you breed with Rose."

"Oh," Frosty said. "What does that mean?"

Gloria groaned. "They're basically going to make you have kits with Rose, so they can sell the kits."

"What? Why be mates with someone you don't love and then get rid of your kits?"

"Twolegs do it for money," Gloria said.

"Money?" Frosty asked.

"Wow you really are a clan cat. You have no idea what I'm saying. Money is what twolegs use all the time. It's how they get those houses and furniture. They don't just get them for free. They get it in exchange for money."

"Oh," Frosty said. "Well I don't want to be mates with that she-cat!"

"It's not your choice," Gloria said. "Once you are old enough to be mates with her, you either be mates with her or they send you off to the cutter. Then after they send you to the cutter, you get all lazy and they throw you out into the streets or to a shelter. You'll be killed off eventually."

Frosty was shocked. "TWOLEGS ARE WORSE THAN MONSTERS!"

"Monsters?" Gloria asked.

"The thing the twolegs drive."

"Oh those are cars! Twolegs control those too."

Frosty was shocked. Twolegs were evil.

Chapter 8

Frosty had stayed outside for awhile just thinking about what had happened. Gloria had gone back inside, but Frosty had stayed. He didn't want to go back inside. He hated being a kittypet. There was nothing he could do though.

Why did Ginger have to die? he thought. If Ginger had lived, Frosty wouldn't be stuck in this mess. He'd be learning how to fight and hunt. Maybe one day he could return home, even.

After awhile, Frosty got the courage to come back inside the twoleg nest. When he entered, he noticed the third bowl on the floor. It was bright pink with the words "Rose" labeled on it. Frosty looked up to see Rose with her new collar. It was also bright pink.

"Hey, Frosty! Where were you? We missed you," she said.

Frosty growled. "I was just outside."

"Oh were you talking to that new she-cat, Gloria? I've heard she's adorable. I want to meet her!" Rose exclaimed.

Rose meeting Gloria? This would be interesting. Frosty sighed. "Okay, follow me, I guess," he said, leading her outside.

"Gloria!" Frosty yowled.

The black she-cat padded out of her house and jumped on the fence. "Oh, I see this is the new cat, huh?"

Rose nodded. "Hi, I'm Rose. It's a *pleasure* to meet you," she said.

Something was up with this Rose. She seemed sort of evil the way she talked to and about Gloria.

Gloria let out a growl. "What a fancy purebred you are."

"Best in the business," Rose proclaimed.

"It must have cost *a lot* of money to get you," Gloria insisted.

"Of course it did!" Rose hissed.

"Uh how about we all go inside now," Frosty suggested.

"Quit it, Frosty," Gloria hissed.

"Where did they find you? On the street?" Rose laughed.

"That's it!" Gloria hissed. She leapt down from the fence and pinned Rose down.

"Help me! Oh, help me!" Rose mewed.

Frosty rolled his eyes.

"Stay away from me!" Gloria hissed.

"Fine!" Rose hissed back.

Gloria let go and Rose scampered back inside.

"I'm sorry about that," Frosty said. "She's a little braggy."

"I see," Gloria growled. "Why don't you go comfort your future mate, then?!"

"Why are you acting so angry?" Frosty asked.

Gloria hissed. "I'm not angry!"

"You're hissing at me right now," Frosty said.

"I'm sure Rose doesn't hiss at you like that!"

"Gloria, what is your problem with Rose?" Frosty asked.

Gloria growled, gave on last look at Frosty, and jumped over the fence, back into her house. Frosty shrugged. Then it suddenly hit him. Gloria was jealous of Rose. It wasn't because Rose

was a purebred and costed a lot of money. It was because Gloria...*liked him*!

"Wait, Gloria!" Frosty yowled. The she-cat didn't come out of her twoleg nest.

Frosty sighed and padded back inside. "Oh, Frosty! I was beginning to worry!" Rose exclaimed. "Are you hurt? Did that mean old she-cat beat you up too?"

"Leave me alone, Rose," Frosty said.

Rose looked shocked. "I was just trying to help. Maybe you just need some rest. I moved your bed right next to mine, so it will be all comfy."

Frosty rolled his eyes. "Okay," he said.

He almost laughed when he saw that the two beds almost overlapping each other. When Rose wasn't looking, Frosty slowly pushed it away, and laid down in his bed. Only one thought went through his mind. *I like Gloria and she likes me.*

Chapter 9

When Frosty awoke, he felt much warmer. It had been cold the past few nights, and he shivered from time to time, but tonight he slept in absolute warmth. Frosty yawned and opened his eyes. He gasped as he noticed Rose had been sleeping next to him the entire night.

"AH!" Frosty screeched.

"Oh, hey there sleepyhead," she said. "I just decided to keep your bed warm. I was all cold and lonely in my bed. You looked cold too."

"Why are you doing this to me?!" Frosty gasped.

"Doing what?" Rose asked.

"CHARLIE!" Frosty hissed.

The old tom was motionless on his bed. "He's such a heavy sleeper," Frosty groaned. He padded over to the tom and nudged him a few times. The old cat didn't wake.

"Food," Frosty whispered in his ear. "That should get him up," Frosty laughed. The old tom didn't wake though.

"Um, Frosty," Rose said. "I don't think he's breathing..."

Frosty tilted his head. He didn't notice the rise and sink of his chest like he always had. Frosty gasped. "He-he's dead." Frosty dipped his nose into the old tom's pelt. "Good-bye Charlie," he whispered. His first friend at the twoleg place was gone. Now he would be stuck here with Rose forever...

Frosty began to mew loudly, so that the twolegs would wake up. One of the twolegs walked out of their room and began to hiss at Frosty. Frosty mewed and nudged Charlie. The twoleg picked up the cat and gasped. A tear slid down the twoleg's cheek and it

left the room to get the other twoleg.

"Well that leaves more alone time with me," Rose laughed.

"I really need to get some fresh air," Frosty said.

"Take all the time you need!" Rose called. "I'll be waiting!"

Frosty sprinted outside into the backyard. He yowled as loud as he could, then sat on the cold, concrete ground. "Momma," he whispered. "Why aren't you here?"

He gasped as he saw Gloria on top of the fence. "What is with the yowling?! I'm trying to sleep."

"There's a lot of stuff I need to tell you," Frosty said.

Gloria hesitated for a second. "Okay, I'm listening."

Frosty told her everything. He explained about Charlie's death and how about Rose was really creeping him out.

"I feel so bad for you," Gloria said. "You need to ditch this place. It isn't right for you."

"I would feel bad leaving you here," Frosty said.

"I'll be fine here. I don't have a creeper cat following me. I'll just deal with Rose some other time," Gloria said. Frosty laughed.

"I know why you don't like her," Frosty said.

"What? What do you mean?"

"You love me Gloria. I know you do. I love you too," Frosty said.

"You-you do? Okay, yes, I admit, I was jealous because you were going to end up with Rose no matter what." Gloria shifted her paws.

"I don't want to be with Rose," Frosty said. "If we did leave the twoleg place, I don't know where I would go."

"Um, back to your clan? Isn't that the obvious choice."

"I don't know where my clan is. I don't know where I am," Frosty said.

"How did you get here?"

"I-I don't know." Frosty heard a noise. "Mouse-dung! Rose is coming!"

"Follow me," Gloria said.

Frosty leapt onto the fence and followed Gloria into her backyard. They came to a tunnel at the front of her fence and slipped through it.

"FROSTY!" Frosty heard Rose yowl.

Frosty was relieved when he and Gloria sat in Gloria's front yard. Frosty's front yard stood right next to hers. Cars zoomed on the thunderpath.

"FROSTY! COME OUT!" Frosty heard Rose hiss.

Suddenly, Frosty heard a clanking on the window of his twoleg place. Rose stood in the window, yowling.

"Oh no," Frosty said.

Rose dissapeared and a few minutes later came rushing towards Frosty. "You scared me to death! Don't ever do that again!"

"Rose-," Frosty began.

Rose suddenly noticed Gloria. "YOU! YOU MADE ME GET WORRIED SICK ABOUT HIM!"

"It's not her fault!" Frosty growled.

"Yes it is!" Rose hissed. She pushed Frosty out of the way and leapt onto Gloria. The two she-cats went into full battle. The thunderpath was almost silent now. The two began to roll onto the

thunderpath.

"NO! COME BACK!" Frosty hissed. He ran after them. The two were still facing each other when a car came rolling down the thunderpath. Rose froze, as did Gloria. "DUCK!" Frosty hissed. Frosty ducked and became uninjured since he was in the middle. The car had gone right over him.

"Is everyone okay?" Frosty asked. He noticed Rose's bent leg.

"MY FOOT!" Rose hissed. Frosty gasped as he saw Gloria. She lay limp, covered in blood.

"GLORIA!" he yowled. He picked her up by the scruff and pulled her over to the side. The she-cat looked at him.

"I love you," she whispered.

Her eyes suddenly looked off into empty space. The she-cat was dead. Frosty sighed and left her by her house.

Frosty turned to Rose. "YOU! YOU DID THIS!" he hissed. Rose looked shock as Frosty leapt onto his fence and ran back inside his twoleg nest.

Chapter 10

Frosty sat in disbelief. Was it really true? Was Gloria gone? She couldn't be. Just a few minutes ago they had been talking and laughing.

It was Rose's fault. Rose had done this! Frosty didn't want to become mates with her and he never would be. Frosty would have to escape the twoleg place somehow. He couldn't stay here.

"Oh, Frosty!" Rose yowled.

"Go away!" Frosty hissed.

Rose brushed her pelt against his and lightly touched the tip of her tail to his face. "Oh, Frosty. I'm sorry. I didn't think Gloria would die so soon."

"Shut it!" Frosty hissed.

"Let's focus on the positives. You still have me," she said.

"What do you mean?" Frosty asked.

"One lover is dead. There's always room for another though. Maybe Gloria's death was a sign. Maybe *we* were meant to be together after all."

Frosty growled, but then he hesitated. Was Gloria's death a sign? It couldn't mean that he would end up with Rose, right?

"Just leave me alone," he said.

"Don't worry. I'll be right here to comfort you," Rose said.

"Rose, I mean it," Frosty growled.

Rose stood with her bright blue eyes. "Well alright then, snooty pants," she growled and padded off.

Frosty growled and padded outside. It had begun to cloud over. Then Frosty noticed it. The tree. Why had he never noticed it before?

A large tree sat to the bottom left of the backyard. Without hesitation, Frosty sunk his claws into the bark and began to climb. Higher and higher he climbed until he was far off the ground.

He wished he could just stay in the tree forever. He didn't want to come down. He sat, looking up at the cloudy sky.

"StarClan why aren't you here? Momma, where did you go? Are you still here? Daddy? Are you there too?" Frosty asked.

"I don't want to be a kittypet. I want to go home. I want to be a SnowClan cat. I want to fight for my clan instead of fighting with Rose," he said.

He sighed and sat on the large branch, waiting for an answer that would never come. He didn't love Rose. He loved Gloria. Rose couldn't understand that. How could he get rid of Rose? Killing was not the option. Rose would never leave. He would just have to escape.

"Frosty!" Rose called from down below. "Frosty, where are you?"

Frosty growled. He wasn't coming down from the tree. Rose continued to call for him until she finally gave up hope and went back inside.

Frosty sighed and finally let the tears come. He wasn't crying over Gloria. He was crying over every cat. He hadn't been able to cry all this time. He cried about the father he had never known. He cried about his mother who had been lost in the fire. He cried about Ginger, who had died saving him. Lastly, he cried about Gloria. He cried about how her death was unfair.

As darkness began to fall upon the backyard, Frosty decided to come down. He edged down the tree carefully until his paws touched grass.

Frosty padded back inside. Rose laid asleep on her bed. Careful not to wake her, Frosty sat down in his bed and closed his eyes. He felt another cat's warmth by him. Frosty opened his eyes to see Rose still asleep on her bed. Frosty closed his eyes again feeling the warmth once more. His mother's spirit must've been upon him.

Chapter 11

"Awake little one. The morning light is coming in," a voice crawled into Frosty's ear. He recognized it. It was his mother!

Frosty opened his eyes. "Momma!" He was disappointed when he saw Rose sleeping next to him again. She was dead asleep.

Frosty yawned and stretched. He crawled out of the bed, careful not to wake Rose. Breakfast was already in his bowl and he gobbled it up. The dry food that he had first been given had been replaced with plentiful tuna.

Frosty gobbled away at his breakfast.

"Good morning," Rose said with a smile on her face. Obviously she didn't care too much about Gloria.

Frosty ignored Rose as she ate away at her breakfast. Licking his lips, Frosty sat, not knowing what to do. Usually, he would go outside to talk to Gloria but now...there was no point.

"Will you stop cuddling up next to me when I sleep?" Frosty asked.

"But you seem so cold," she said.

"Well it's annoying," Frosty said.

"But..." Rose began.

"I don't care. Stop sleeping in my bed or else I'll pull it far away from you," he hissed.

Rose sighed and looked down at the ground. "What do you want to do?" Rose asked. "We could play!"

Frosty growled. "I'm going to do whatever you aren't doing."

"Do you hate me or something?" Rose asked.

"I guess you could say that," Frosty said.

"Is this about Gloria?"

"What do you think?"

"Fine! I don't want to talk to you either!" Rose hissed, running outside.

Frosty sat growling for a few minutes. *What have I turned into?* he thought. *Rose really wasn't trying to be mean. I still blame her for Gloria's death though. I guess I'll go apologize.*

Frosty padded into the backyard to see Rose nowhere in sight. He looked in the tree, but he scented no cat. Frosty crawled through a hole in the fence to see Rose sitting by the thunderpath.

"Hey," Frosty said.

Rose held her nose up high. "I thought you didn't want to talk to me," she spat.

"I just wanted to apologize. I didn't mean to snap like that. It's just been tough for me," he said.

"Well it's been tough for me too," Rose hissed. "I've been trying to be nice to you all this time, but you take it as a threat or something. Another reason to hate me."

"I don't hate you," Frosty said.

"What's the point? You don't love me either," Rose growled.

"I never said that," Frosty admitted.

"So you *do* love me?" Rose asked.

"I-I don't know," Frosty stammered. He really didn't love Rose. As a friend maybe. He didn't love Rose like he loved Gloria.

"That's what I thought," Rose sighed. "That's why I'm here.

I'm wondering if I should just get hit by a car now."

"No," Frosty said. "I won't let you." He didn't want Rose to end up like Gloria. If Rose was gone, Frosty would have no one. Maybe another she-cat would come in, but he had already lost two friends. As much as he despised Rose, he didn't want to lose her too.

"This is why I'm confused!" Rose hissed. "You talk about how much you hate me, but you just said you wouldn't let me kill myself. Do you hate me or not?"

"I'm not sure," Frosty growled.

"That's what I thought," Rose hissed. "Bye, Frosty," she said, padding out onto the thunderpath.

"No, Rose! Wait!"

A car had already come down the road. "ROSE!" he hissed.

Frosty ran onto the thunderpath, but it was too late. The car had hit Rose. She laid motionless on the road, her pink collar drenched in blood.

Frosty ran to her. "Why? Why did I let this happen to you?"

He gasped as Rose suddenly began to drift up towards the sky. "What's happening?!" Frosty gasped. He was shocked as bright lights flashed from her body. When she returned to the ground, she was transparent. She had grown and her pelt had turned from white to a gray tabby coat.

"Momma?!" Frosty screeched.

"Mosskit, my how much you've grown," she said.

"Where's Rose? I'm so confused," he said.

"I must explain," Skycloud said. "First off let me say that Rose never existed. I created her to lead you away from the kittypet place. You aren't meant here. You're meant in SnowClan."

"I know that," Frosty said.

"Gloria isn't dead. I was able to revive her shortly after her death. She's alive and well. She is a clan cat too. Her past isn't well. Her mother despised her and called her Snakekit. Later, her mother threw her into a box, leaving Gloria on the streets of twoleg nests."

"She's alive?!" Frosty gasped.

Skycloud nodded. "Now please, I must tell you what to do. First off, your name is no longer Frosty. Your name is Mosskit. You must go get Snakekit and start your journey home," she said.

"How will we know where to go?" Mosskit asked.

"Shortly after your arrival in the woods, a cat will find you. That cat will lead you home," Skycloud said.

"There's one more thing I must do," she said. She leaned down with her mouth open, ready to bite Mosskit's neck. Mosskit winced, thining she was going to kill him, but he was relieved when her teeth snapped the blue collar off.

"You are free," Skycloud said.

"Thank you, Momma. Will you stay?" Mosskit asked.

"I cannot accompany you the whole journey, but know I am always with you in your heart," she said.

"Thank you," Mosskit said.

"Good-bye my son. I will see you soon," she said, disappearing from him.

Mosskit was going home.

Chapter 12

Mosskit padded over by Gloria's house. "GLORIA!" he yowled.

"It's Snakekit," he heard. He glanced to see her near the fence, looking down.

"Why are you sounding so sad?" Mosskit asked.

"Because your mother showed me the past," Snakekit said. "My name is Snakekit. It's an ugly name. Why do I even have it? My mother must've hated me a lot."

"Look, I know your mother had some tough times with you, but Snakekit is a beautiful name," Mosskit said.

"Stop lying, Mosskit. I know it isn't," Snakekit groaned.

"Look, Snakekit, I know you have this weird things with name, but it was the name that was given to you! When you were named Gloria, did you stick with it?"

"Well, yes," Snakekit said.

"Why did you stick with it? You told me how much you hated it," he said.

"Well my twolegs named me that. You stuck with Frosty," Snakekit pointed out.

"Exactly. My name is Mosskit. Your name is Snakekit. We all have the names our mothers gave us. Now let's stick with those names. Maybe your name doesn't sound great, but that doesn't mean your personality isn't great."

"Thanks," Snakekit said, rising from the ground. "So who is this cat we're supposed to meet?"

"I'm not sure," Mosskit said. "My mother just told me that we would meet the cat in the woods."

"What are we waiting for?" Snakekit asked. "Let's go to SnowClan!"

"Yeah!" Mosskit said.

They walked through the twoleg place. "So, what happened to Rose?" Snakekit asked.

"My mother didn't tell you?" Mosskit asked.

Snakekit shook her head.

"Um, well this is kind of disturbing but...my mother was

Rose. She created her to lead me away from the kittypet place," Mosskit said.

"So your mother killed me?!"

"She didn't mean to," Mosskit said. "Why do you think she revived you?"

"I don't know," Snakekit said. "I thought she was just being nice."

Mosskit stopped at the edge of the street. He felt like the past was streaming through his blood. He imagined him and Ginger coming back from the twoleg place to return home. If that had happened though, he would never have met Snakekit.

"Look both ways," Mosskit said. They waited until the Thunderpath was silent before racing over to the park.

Mosskit sat, looking down. "What's the matter, Mosskit? The sooner we leave, the sooner we get there!"

"I'm just reminded of a bad memory, that's all," Mosskit said.

"Hey," Snakekit said, her voice soft and calm. "You just made me forget about my terrible past. It's time for you to forget too. We have a home to get to."

"You're right," Mosskit said.

The two padded through the park, dodging twoleg kits that tried to grab them.

"When will these kits leave us alone?!" Snakekit groaned.

Mosskit recognized the same bush he had hid in. "In here," Mosskit said. They jumped into the bush.

"That's disgusting," Snakekit said, pointing to the bones of a squirrel.

"My squirrel!" Mosskit gasped.

"Um, you know this squirrel?"

"I was eating it when...," he paused. "Come on, let's move on."

They moved past the bushes until they came upon a trail that led straight to the woods.

"Ready?" Snakekit asked.

"I'm ready," Mosskit replied.

They marched down the rocky trail, catching their last glimpse of the twoleg homes. They continued to walk, occasionally stopping for a sip of water or a rest. The trail was long, but the journey would be longer.

As the sun began to set, they came across the woods. The beautiful woods stood right in front of them. Mosskit breathed in the familiar scent of fresh air.

"I'm not sure if I want to go in there," Snakekit said.

"Come on, it's easy," Mosskit said.

"Not in the dark," Snakekit complained.

"Fine," Mosskit said. "We'll rest here on the grass until morning."

"Okay," Snakekit said.

The two laid down in the grass. They slept right next to each other, trying to conserve heat as the final cold winds of leaf-bare were upon them.

Chapter 13

When Mosskit awoke, the sun was just rising. He shook his pelt off of morning dew and nudged Snakekit.

"Snakekit. Snakekit, wake up," he whispered.

Snakekit opened her eyes. "What is it?"

"It's morning. We can enter the forest now," he said.

Snakekit yawned. "Fine," she said. "It's so cold though."

"I'm not cold," Mosskit said.

"That's because you have thick fur," Snakekit laughed.

Mosskit laughed too and stood in front of the large forest in front of them. How were they ever going to make it home.

Sighing, Mosskit took a step forward. Then another. He was now walking at a steady pace. Snakekit followed behind, her head high as they trudged into the woods, becoming unaware of the danger that lay before them.

Mosskit smiled, feeling the forest floor beneath his paws again. He breathed in the fresh scent. "This is my home," he whispered.

Snakekit and Mosskit continued walking through the forest until the sun had full come up. Where was the cat that was supposed to guide them.

"I'm hungry," Snakekit complained.

"Me too," Mosskit said. "I've only caught one piece of prey in my life though and," he was cut off by a noise. It was more like a whisper.

"Mosskit."

Mosskit turned around, but Snakekit seemed shocked too. It hadn't been Snakekit who was saying that.

The sound came nearer. "Mosskit."

"Hello?!" Mosskit called.

He gasped as he saw a flash of ginger go by. "Hey, Mosskit!"

Mosskit turned around and gasped as he saw a familiar ginger she-cat looking over him.

"Ginger?!"

"It's been a long time, young one," she said.

"What? Where? How?" He was confused.

"My story is not as important as yours, Mosskit. Nice to meet you, Snakekit. I will be your leader as we get home to SnowClan," Ginger said. "Your mother has blessed with the knowledge of your clan and all the territories there and here. Now come on," she said, beginning to walk away.

Mosskit and Snakekit still sat, shocked.

"Kits, I am not carrying you into these woods. Are you going to return to SnowClan or not? I am waiting for no cat. We are on a schedule."

Snakekit stood up. "I'm coming," she said.

Mosskit sighed. He stood up as well. "I'm coming too."

Ginger smiled. "Good job, young kits. I am sure you are hungry. We'll stop at the meadow first to eat up. Then we can start talking."

It was about afternoon when they finally reached the meadow. Mosskit breathed in the familiar scent. It had felt like only

yesterday when he had slept in the log. Mosskit and Snakekit followed Ginger into her den. The prey pile was smaller than it usually was.

"I can see you've noticed how small my prey pile is. I only gathered a few pieces of prey since we won't be here forever. I don't want the small of rotting prey in my den when I return," Ginger said. She pushed a large squirrel towards the both of them. "Now eat up. It's not my fault if you're tired because you have an empty stomach."

Snakekit and Mosskit finished the squirrel quickly, their stomachs full.

"Congratulations on turning three moons today, Mosskit. You're about the same age as well, Snakekit," Ginger said.

Had it really been three moons since the fire? It had felt like days.

"It will take about three moons to get to SnowClan," Ginger said.

Mosskit gasped. "What?! I got here in one night."

"You were already very far into the forest with your mother," Ginger said. "Plus, you were running for awhile without any stops. We will be stopping from time to time, spending the night. It will take awhile."

Mosskit sighed. It would be even longer until he got home.

"Stick by me at all times. This journey will be a dangerous one. If one of you kits wanders off, I'll never forgive myself."

Mosskit nodded.

"We'll spend the night here," Ginger said. "I want to start out fresh and early in the morning tomorrow. You've already wasted some time by spending the night on that trail."

"Snakekit was scared," Mosskit said.

"Being scared will not turn out well on this journey, Snakekit. We'll be going in the forest all the time."

"Sorry," Snakekit whimpered.

Mosskit sighed. This would be a long journey.

Chapter 14

Snow had covered the ground from the night before. Mosskit groaned when he saw it. He didn't like traveling through the snow at all. It slowed him down. At this rate, they wouldn't be in SnowClan until he was an elder.

"It snowed!" Snakekit gasped.

Ginger nodded. "The last snowfall of leaf-bare, I presume," she said. "Eat this rabbit so we can be on our way," she said, pushing a plump rabbit at the two kits.

Snakekit and Mosskit ate away until only the bones and fur of the rabbit was left. With full bellies, Mosskit was ready to begin the journey home.

"Are we ready?" Ginger asked.

Mosskit and Snakekit nodded.

"Off we go," she said.

They trudged through the thick snow at a slow pace. They trudged through the meadow, leaving Ginger's den and the kittypet life behind. Mosskit looked at Snakekit who was already shivering.

"Um, Ginger?" he asked.

"What is it, Mosskit?"

Mosskit turned around to see that Snakekit had stopped walking now. She was licking her fur, trying to keep warm.

"Snakekit's really cold," Mosskit said.

Ginger groaned. "I'm not sure what to tell you, Snakekit. Mosskit, go stand by her the whole time. You have thicker fur than her. Maybe it will keep her warm."

Mosskit nodded. Snakekit got up and began to walk again. Mosskit stood right next to her, hopefully warming her up.

The wind howled, blowing Mosskit's pelt with winter winds. Mosskit shivered a little. He had to stay strong though. Snakekit had a smooth pelt. She needed warmth more than him.

Soon, they were out of the meadow and into the woods where they had more protection from the cold winds.

Mosskit looked up to see the large pine trees covered in blankets of snow. The ground was covered in snow, but not as much as the meadow. Wind could still be felt, but only barely.

"Do you need me to stand next to you anymore?" Mosskit asked Snakekit.

Snakekit shook her head. "I'm good now. You can go ahead and walk at your own pace now."

Mosskit moved away from Snakekit and began to walk on his own. Ginger led the way while Mosskit and Snakekit followed behind her. Every few moments, Ginger would look over her shoulder to make sure the two kits were still there.

The forest was much more silent than it usually was. You couldn't even hear the streams since they had been frozen over. No birds called from the trees. No life moved within it.

Soon, the clouds had cleared, leaving a bright sun to shine. The sun began to melt the snow, making walking a little bit better.

Mosskit yawned. "Ginger, can we sleep?" he asked.

Ginger shook her head. "No! We can't even find a place until sunset. We can rest now if you want."

"Resting would be good," Mosskit said.

They found a large rock to sit by. Mosskit yawned, wanting to curl up and sleep. He was already tired and it was only mid-day. His stomach was already beginning to growl.

"Um, Ginger?" Snakekit asked.

Ginger looked at her.

"I'm beginning to get a little hungry," Snakekit said.

"I'll catch something," Ginger said. "Stay right here. Don't move!"

Snakekit and Mosskit sat by the rock, barely speaking or even making eye contact.

"So," Mosskit said at last. "Long journey, huh?"

"It better not keep snowing," Snakekit groaned.

"Ginger said it was the last snowfall of leaf-bare. New-leaf will come soon. Everything will be better then," Mosskit said.

"I hope," Snakekit sighed.

A rustle came from the bushes. "Ginger?" Mosskit called. He gasped as he saw a large badger coming towards them.

"BADGER!" Snakekit screeched.

Mosskit shoved his tail over her mouth, but the badger had already heard and seen them. It came lumbering towards them, holding its claws up.

"HELP!" Mosskit yowled.

A sudden flash of blue came and all was silent again. The badger was nowhere in sight. Ginger came padding up with a bird.

"It was all I could find," she said.

"But, that badger," Snakekit said.

"It's gone now," Ginger replied.

Snakekit and Mosskit ate away at the bird, leaving some leftovers for Ginger. Ginger finished it off and they padded away

again.

The snow was beginning to melt fast now. Some ground was visible. It was much easier to walk now. The two weren't as far behind as they usually were.

They traveled for hours, occasionally resting or getting water. When the sun began to set, Ginger stopped.

"We must look for a place to spend the night now," Ginger said. She looked around, but saw nothing.

"We must go deeper in. Follow me," Ginger said. The kits followed her into a deeper part of the woods until they came upon a burrow.

Ginger sniffed the burrow, dunking her head in. "The scent is very stale," Ginger said. "No animal has been in here for moons. It's safe."

The kits followed her into the burrow. It was just big enough to fit all of them. Mosskit curled up on the ground. Snakekit curled up beside him. Mosskit instantaneously fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 15

"Rise and shine!" Ginger yowled from outside of the burrow. Mosskit lazily opened his eyes. The sun was just rising. Snakekit let out a yawn and stretched as she exited the burrow.

"Come on, Mosskit! We have to move!" Ginger yowled.

"Of course," he groaned. He padded out of the burrow. Most of the snow had melted from the previous snowfall. Only a few patches remained. "We walked all day yesterday, Ginger. Why do we have to get up early?"

"I promised your mother that I would get you to SnowClan on time," Ginger said.

"But my legs are sore!" he groaned.

"They'll stop soon. Come on," she said, leading the two deep into the forest.

"Where are we going today?" Snakekit asked excitedly.

"We're going to be heading up the hills today. After that, we'll cross over the mountains." Ginger said.

"I'm never going to rest," Mosskit complained.

Ginger rolled her eyes.

The two began to walk in the forest. The forest was silent, except for the chirps of birds. "New-leaf is almost here," Ginger said.

Mosskit continued walking, but stopped when Snakekit spoke. "I'm really hungry," she said.

Ginger nodded. "I'll find you the next piece of prey that comes along."

They continued walking. Mosskit tried to ignore his grumbling belly, but he couldn't. "Ginger, we really need to eat," Mosskit groaned.

"Patience," she hissed. She stopped, spotting a bird on a nearby bush. She crept silently, not letting her feet make a sound. She jumped, catching the bird in one motion. She laid the dead bird at the paws of the kits.

"Eat up," she growled.

Mosskit and Snakekit sat in the woods, eating the bird that Ginger had caught for them.

"I don't see why I have to catch you food," she said. "You

caught that squirrel, Mosskit."

"That was just a lucky catch," Mosskit said.

Ginger shook her head. "That thing was larger than you at the time! You could catch prey again. The next prey you see, try to catch it. You too, Snakekit."

The kits nodded. They finished the bird, leaving the remains behind as they continued walking in the woods.

"We're almost out of the woods," Ginger said. "It's all grassy hills now."

Mosskit could tell she was right. The light became brighter in the woods as they edged more forward. Soon enough, they were at the end of the woods. Long, grass hills laid ahead of them.

"Come on!" Snakekit said, running into the grass.

Mosskit laughed and followed her. The two ran along in the grass, flicking grass at each other, rolling around, and playing. Laughter came from the two kits as they played.

Ginger laughed. "I know you kits want to have fun, but we have to continue. You can play later at sunset. If you're not tired."

"I hope not," Snakekit laughed.

The two stopped their fun and games and began to walk through the grassy hills. The grass came up to Mosskit's torso, trapping him in the grass.

A steady wind blew across the fields, making Mosskit's fur fly everywhere. He breathed in the lucious air and continued moving.

All day they walked through the grassy hills. Occasionally, they would stop to eat, get some water, and rest. All the walking through hills tired the kits.

At one point of the day, they had seen an adder slithering through the hills. But once again, a mysterious blue light flashed, not as bright this time, and the adder disappeared. Mosskit guessed that it must've gone into a hole.

As the sun began to set, Snakekit sat down, exhausted. "It's sunset," she begged. "Can we stop now?"

"I guess," Ginger sighed. The only thing that layed ahead of them was the steep, rocky mountains.

"I can't believe that we'll have to climb that tomorrow," Mosskit said, sitting down next to Snakekit in the grass.

Snakekit nodded. "I know."

"Where will we sleep, Ginger?" Mosskit asked.

"In the grass," Ginger replied. "There's no other shelter here except some bunny and snake holes. And we all know you can't sleep in those."

"B-But what about the snakes?" Snakekit said nervously.

"There will be no snakes," Ginger said. "Trust me."

"Can we at least eat something before we sleep?" Mosskit asked. The sky was already beginning to turn a dark blue.

"I don't know if I'll be able to find anything," Ginger said. She got up and padded around, looking for a piece of prey.

Soon, the stars were out. Ginger returned with one measly mouse. "Share," she said.

"You need to eat to, Ginger," Mosskit said.

"You'd be surprised by my appetite," she said. "I'm really not hungry. Go ahead and eat up."

The mouse wasn't enough to fill the kit's bellies, but it kept them satisfied. Lying in the grass, Snakekit snuggled up next to Mosskit's warm fur. Mosskit smiled and closed his eyes, only feeling the wind rustle his pelt.

He had odd dreams about returning to SnowClan. He had dreamt that Snakekit was not with him and he was all alone. He dreamt about fighting warriors with another she-cat who was much older than him. Who was this she-cat? Was she a real cat? He awoke to see it was still nighttime. Only this time, he couldn't close his eyes. He was too weirded out by the odd dream that had spurred in his mind.

"It was just a dream," he whispered. But was it? He began to think that it might be the future. He had to make sure that Snakekit was safe. He didn't want to return without her. Then he thought he was overreacting. Maybe she wasn't there because she didn't think SnowClan was right for her. Still, it was odd.

Chapter 16

Mosskit opened his eyes. Today, they would conquer the mountain that laid ahead of them. It was the only way to return home. What was past the mountain? More mountains? Meadows? Forests?

Ginger yawned and opened her eyes. "I see you're already up," she laughed.

Mosskit nodded. "I must be getting used to waking up at dawn now."

Ginger nodded. Snakekit still slept in the grass. Her black tail was curled around her nose.

"Snakekit," Mosskit said.

She removed her tail from her nose and opened her eyes. Her bright green eyes sparkled. "Is it morning already?"

Mosskit nodded. "We're going across the mountains today," he said.

Snakekit groaned.

"Snakekit, we have to complete this journey," Ginger said.

Snakekit nodded. "Alright, I'm up," she said, rising to her feet. "Can we eat first?"

"There's really nothing here," Ginger replied. "Once we get into these mountains, I'll see if we can find something."

"Okay," Snakekit groaned.

The two kits padded behind Ginger as they entered the mountains. Mosskit felt the hard rock beneath his paws. He struggled to hold onto them as he began to climb.

"Mouse!" Snakekit gasped. Before anyone could reply, she leapt, catching the mouse between her paws. She stuck her claws in it, killing it.

"Very good, Snakekit," Ginger said.

"Would you like to share, Mosskit?"

Mosskit nodded. They sat on a ledge, eating the freshly caught mouse. Mosskit smiled, his stomach not as empty as before.

"Back to work," Ginger snapped.

Nodding, the two followed her up the rocky hill. Mosskit gasped as some pebbles slipped beneath his feet.

"Careful where you step," Ginger warned. "It's very rocky here."

Mosskit nodded. Snakekit struggled too, but was better at climbing then Mosskit. She knew exactly where to place her paws. She knew which rocks were steady, and which rocks weren't steady.

Snakekit gasped, as she suddenly lost her footing. She grabbed onto Ginger's tail. Ginger let out no sound. Snakekit gasped, hanging from Ginger's tail. Ginger turned around, accidentally whipping Snakekit into some rocks.

Snakekit gasped, letting go of her tail. A rumbling came and Mosskit gasped as some boulders were about to come down right on Snakekit.

"Move!" he hissed.

Snakekit leapt to the side. Mosskit winced as the rocks tumbled down between him and Snakekit. Thick dust clouded the air, trapping Mosskit in a cloud of dirt, unable to see anything. Mosskit coughed loudly.

"Snakekit!" he yowled.

"I'm okay!" a faint few came from the other side.

"She's trapped on the other side of those rocks. We'll have to find a way through," Ginger said. "Stay put, Snakekit!"

"Will do!" Snakekit yowled, although to them it sounded like a whisper.

Mosskit and Ginger padded around the large piles of rocks, looking for a way to squeeze through, or a way to get on top.

"There's no way through or over," Ginger said. "We have to go around. Once we reach the top of this hill, we'll go ahead and make our way down."

"Can you guys hurry?!" a yowl came. "I don't know how much longer I can hold on!"

"We're going as fast as we can!" Ginger yowled. The ginger she-cat turned to Mosskit. "Climb on my back."

Mosskit nodded, climbing onto the old she-cat's back. Mosskit winced as she raced up the rocky terrain. Mosskit clung to her back, feeling the wind and dust in his face,

When Ginger came to a halt, Mosskit opened his eyes. They were at the top of the hill.

"Snakekit!" Ginger yowled.

Mosskit gasped, seeing the she-cat holding onto a rock for her dear life. The rock seemed unsteady. It would drop at any moment. Ginger let Mosskit down as she steadily went down the hill, trying to retrieve the kit.

"Help," Snakekit whispered.

The rock was about to flip over. He heard Snakekit whimper and then he heard a large thud. He closed his eyes, afraid to look. When he opened them, he saw Ginger carrying Snakekit by the scruff. Snakekit had a scratch down her arm, but it was nothing that Ginger couldn't cure.

"We'll have to look around for some herbs," Ginger said. "I

don't want Snakekit's wounds getting infected."

Mosskit nodded. "What should I look for?"

"Cobwebs."

Mosskit nodded, beginning to look around the top of the hill. There wasn't much on top, except for rocks and trees. He looked around for the white substance, trying to find some.

Continuing to look around the rocks, he ran into something. "Ew, cobwebs!" Mosskit screeched, clawing them off his face. Mosskit stared at the cobwebs in his paws and laughed, knowing he had found what he saw searching for. Rolling the cobwebs his face had collected into a ball, he grabbed the ball of cobwebs in his mouth.

He padded back to the same spot Ginger was, but found her missing. "Ginger!" he yowled.

No response came. He heard a large yowl behind him. Mosskit gasped, seeing one of the biggest cats he had ever seen. It was a huge cat, with a tan coat, black tail, and black tips of wars. It's yowl was frightening. Mosskit gasped as it unsheathed its claws, ready to strike.

"HELP!" Mosskit gasped.

The large cat leapt and Mosskit shut his eyes, knowing it was the end. He heard a loud noise and looked up. The cat was gone. He heard familiar footsteps behind him.

"Ginger!" he gasped. "There was this huge cat!"

Ginger nodded. "I know. We got rid of it. That thing is called a mountain lion, Mosskit. It's very dangerous. You're lucky that I was there to knock that rock on it. Where are the cobwebs?"

Mosskit groaned. "They must have rolled down the hill when I was standing there. I'm sorry. I can look for more."

Ginger shook her head. "It's quite alright. I found a nice

little shelter for the night. There are some cobwebs around there. Snakekit is resting in there right now. Come on," she said, leading him away from the open clearing.

They came into a place with more trees, perfect for shelter. Three trees stood together, creating a barrier between the rocky terrain below and the hills up ahead. Ginger and Mosskit squeezed through the opening. Snakekit laid asleep on a pile of moss.

A crack of thunder came from above the trees. "A storm," Ginger said.

Mosskit shivered. "A-A storm k-killed my m-mother," he whimpered.

"I know. It'll be alright, Mosskit," Ginger said. "Now go lay next to Snakekit."

Mosskit nodded. It was only the middle of the day, but he was especially tired. He curled up next to Snakekit. She let out a faint mew as Mosskit brushed his pelt up against hers. Mosskit yawned, realizing how tired he was.

He heard the rain pounding on the trees, occasionally hearing the boom of thunder. Soon, the lightning flashes, crash of thunder, and pounding of rain died out as Mosskit fell asleep.

Chapter 17

For a few weeks they had traveled through the mountains. The climbing was tough and would give Mosskit horrible memories, but he was doing it to get home. That's what mattered.

Ginger promised that they had gone halfway through the mountains, but every time that Mosskit got to the top of a mountain, he groaned, seeing the next one ahead of him. It seemed like the mountains just got harder to climb each time.

"Wake up," a soft whisper came from Snakekit.

Mosskit smiled, lightly batting at the she-cat with his paw. "I'm still tired," he said.

"Ginger said we have to make it to the top of the mountain today, Mosskit. She said it has a lovely view with a dazzling waterfall," Snakekit said. "Plus, there's breakfast waiting for you."

Mosskit pricked his ears and opened his eyes. He smiled at the plump rabbit that layed before him.

Mosskit quickly devoured the rabbit without any hesitation. Snakekit laughed as he gobbled it up. Sharpening his claws on the bones, Mosskit got up, now fully ready to start the dangerous journey once again.

"You were sure sleepy," Ginger said.

"You make me climb a mountain every day," Mosskit complained.

Ginger laughed as she began to walk, leading the way up the mountain.

"Are you excited to go to SnowClan?" Snakekit asked as they began to climb.

Mosskit nodded. "I barely remember it. I just remember that Momma brought me into the nursery where two other kits called her Momma. It's a confusing memory. I'm sure you'll enjoy SnowClan though. We'll be apprentices when we arrive! We'll be ready for any battle!"

Snakekit laughed. "Definitely. What other clans are there?"

Mosskit shrugged. "I'm not sure. I didn't live in SnowClan when I was born. A rogue captured me and Momma, but then he let us go, and then Momma returned to save him. That's when the fire came."

"That's horrible," Snakekit said. "I'm excited to meet all your clanmates!"

"Me too!" Mosskit said. "I don't really know a whole lot of them."

Snakekit laughed, batting him with her paw.

"Stop messing around," Ginger growled, the wind ruffling her fur as she trudged up the mountain. "If one of you fall down that mountain, I won't be there to help you."

Mosskit rolled his eyes. The old she-cat always had a grumpy attitude. It was odd. She acted more wise and grumpy than when he had lived with her. It was as if her whole personality had changed. Mosskit believed it was just the stress to lead the journey.

Mosskit smiled as the sun began to shine more, providing him with a little more warmth. It was colder in the mountains and it made Mosskit more cold than usual. Mosskit groaned as he saw patches of snow above.

"Great," Snakekit groaned.

"It'll be fine," Ginger reassured them.

They trudged up the mountain, through the snow. Snakekit shivered as she walked through the snow.

Snakekit had fallen behind Mosskit, so Mosskit checked every few seconds to make sure she was still behind him. The she-cat's fur was thin, providing her with little warmth in the snow.

As they continued to trudge, Mosskit stopped, no longer hearing Snakekit's footsteps behind him. He gasped as he turned around, seeing the she-cat laying limp in the snow.

"Ginger!" Mosskit gasped. He ran to the she-cat. Her body was ice cold. She was still breathing and alive.

Ginger came forward, picking up the weak she-cat. "She'll ride on my back for now."

Mosskit nervously walked behind Ginger, hoping Snakekit would be okay.

As the sun began to set, they finally arrived at the top of the mountain. It was a beautiful view. There was less snow, only a few patches. A beautiful waterfall went down the mountain. Trees gave good shelter. It was paradise.

Ginger laid Snakekit in some moss, licking her fur to warm her.

Snakekit opened her eyes. "What happened?"

"You collapsed in the snow," Mosskit explained.

"I hate the snow," Snakekit shivered. "Where are we?"

"We reached the top of the mountain," Ginger said. "You're probably thirsty. Come on, let's get some water."

The three padded over to where the waterfall was. The waterfall gave way to a river below.

Mosskit lapped up water. Once he felt refreshed, his stomach grumbled. Ginger walked around, looking for prey while Snakekit laughed at Mosskit.

"What?" Mosskit asked.

Snakekit splashed water at him. "That's what!"

Mosskit laughed, splashing water at her.

"Careful!" Mosskit barely heard Ginger's warning.

The two continued splashing water until suddenly Mosskit heard a gasp. Snakekit's paws held onto the side. She had fallen into the river that led to the waterfall.

"Snakekit! Hold on!" Mosskit gasped, grabbing for her paws.

Snakekit mewed. Her body was torn away. "HELP!" she screeched.

"NO!" Mosskit yowled as her black body disappeared in the water. Mosskit searched, but it was too late. She had most likely gone down the waterfall.

"Ginger! Snakekit needs help!" Mosskit yowled.

The ginger she-cat came by with a water vole in her mouth. "I cannot save her."

"What do you mean? We have to go down there!"

"It's too dangerous," Ginger said. "If StarClan believes she is part of the journey, they will let her live and she will find us."

"She is part of the journey!"

"Maybe...but if she was, why did StarClan let her fall down the waterfall?"

Ginger walked away, leaving Mosskit in shock. Was it true? Had StarClan made Snakekit go down the waterfall. Was Snakekit dead? The she-cat he loved couldn't be dead. She just couldn't. But maybe she was...

Chapter 18

For weeks they had gone through the mountains, rarely taking breaks. Mosskit tried to keep his mind of SnowClan and the future ahead, but he couldn't. He kept thinking of Snakekit and how she could be dead or alive. Odds were that she was probably dead by now if she had survived.

Mosskit sighed as he was woken up by Ginger. He missed Snakekit waking him up in the morning. It wasn't fair. StarClan had killed every cat he loved or cared about. But why? Did they hate him? He shook the thoughts away, knowing he wasn't supposed to think of StarClan that way.

"Our expedition through the mountains is coming to an end," Ginger said. "We'll reach the forest again today."

"Can't wait," Mosskit groaned as he slowly got up from his nest.

"Stop acting like that," Ginger growled.

"Like what?!"

"Like a grumpy, old cat. You're only a kit, Mosskit. Quit acting all snooty," Ginger growled.

"Well, sorry! I'm sure you wouldn't be annoyed if StarClan decided to kill *every* cat you cared about!" Mosskit hissed, anger spiking his pelt.

"It's not StarClan's fault, Mosskit! This is your destiny!" Ginger hissed.

"You don't even believe in StarClan!" Mosskit hissed, his claws unsheathing.

Ginger's anger faded. "You're right. I don't. But I'm sick of this attitude. Figure out if you want to go home or not because I'm

fine just leaving you here."

"Ginger, I didn't mean it that way," Mosskit sighed.

"Of course you didn't. Watch your words, Mosskit. Do you want to go home?" Ginger asked.

"Yes," Mosskit said.

"Then quit with the attitude. Let's go. We're already running behind schedule," Ginger said.

Mosskit let out a small groan, following behind the old she-cat. She trudged up the hill with Mosskit slowly trailing behind.

Mosskit sighed, looking into the sky. Was his mother and father watching him from there? Was Snakekit watching him too?

"She's got to be alive," he whispered.

Ginger turned around. "Did you say something, Mosskit?"

Mosskit shook his head quickly, not wanting to tell Ginger the truth.

Ginger shrugged and continued to walk, not paying any attention to Mosskit as he slowly trudged behind her.

Three. There were only three cats that he had cared and loved. Sure, Tooth and Fang were his friends. Maybe Charlie counted too, but he hadn't gone mad when they had left him somehow.

Mosskit sighed. StarClan really hadn't taken away *everyone*. Just three cats. Yet again, those were the only cats he was close to.

I'll meet new cats at SnowClan he thought.

But it wouldn't be the same. It would never be the same.

"Keep up," Ginger snapped as Mosskit began to fall behind.

"Can I eat something?" Mosskit asked. "I'm not like you who

barely eats. I need food!"

Ginger stopped, facing the kit. "Quit whining and I'll find you something," she growled.

Mosskit nodded, sitting down for a small rest while Ginger looked around for some type of prey in the mountains.

Mosskit sat for awhile, waiting for Ginger to return. "Ginger?" he called, noticing that he hadn't seen her in awhile.

Oh no he thought. *Has StarClan taken her too?* He was about to yowl for her when Ginger emerged, carrying a large bird in her mouth.

"WHAT IS THAT?!" Mosskit gasped.

Ginger dropped the bird. "Hush. You'll scare every piece of prey out here away. This is an eagle."

"How did you catch that thing?!"

"Simple. When it landed on the ground, I was waiting for it. I pounced and sunk my claws into its wings, making it unable to fly. Then I proceeded to kill it," Ginger said.

"Wow!" Mosskit gasped. He immediately dug into the bird. It filled his stomach fast, unlike the other prey that Ginger had caught.

Ginger ate the bird too, eating more of it than Mosskit. Mosskit realized that he had never really seen Ginger eat before. Was it possible that she went that long without eating? She must've eaten when Mosskit was doing something else.

"I'm stuffed," Mosskit said.

"Me too, but we must continue," Ginger said. "We'll leave the bird here. Maybe some lucky animal will find it."

Mosskit continued his journey, slowly walking behind Ginger, frantically looking for Snakekit, even though he knew that

she wouldn't come.

"Are we almost there?" Mosskit groaned as the sun began to set overhead.

Ginger rolled her eyes. "Yes, we are almost there. It's just this hill we have to go up."

"Finally!" Mosskit said, relieved that his weeks in the mountains would finally end.

Minutes passed and Mosskit was exhausted. The hill was steep, providing Mosskit with little spots to rest.

As the sun finally began to be replaced by the indigo sky, Mosskit gasped, finally making it to the top of the mountain. It was a beautiful view indeed. Meadows and forests laid ahead of the tom.

"It's beautiful," Mosskit said.

"We're going down the hill tonight," Ginger said.

"Tonight? I'm tired, Ginger. Can't we wait until tomorrow?" Mosskit asked.

Ginger rolled her eyes. "I'll carry you, Mosskit."

"Really?" Mosskit asked, excitement flooding through his body. No more walking for him!

"Yes. Now climb on my back and hold on tight," Ginger said.

Mosskit nodded, easing onto her back. He dug his claws in her fur and suddenly Ginger took off at a fast speed.

Despite the rapid pace she raced at, Mosskit was tired and exhausted. He somehow found peace in the rushing wind that lapped at his fur. Yawning, he closed his eyes, the world fading from him.

Chapter 19

Mosskit awoke in the forest. The last thing he had remembered was riding on Ginger's back down the mountain. Mosskit looked around, noticing the sun had already risen. Why hadn't Ginger woken him up?

Mosskit got up and stretched, looking around for Ginger. He noticed the she-cat setting down two robins that she had caught.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" Mosskit asked. "It's nearly mid-day."

"You need some rest," Ginger said. "You've been going through some tough times."

"Thanks," Mosskit said, grabbing a robin and biting into it.

"You know, you could try catching prey too. You caught that squirrel before," Ginger said.

"That was once," Mosskit replied. "I was just lucky."

"Lucky? Or skilled?" Ginger asked. "Try catching something today. You'll impress your clan when you return."

"Alright," Mosskit said. "Where are we heading to next, Ginger?"

"We are more than halfway through our journey. We're going to reach SnowClan's old territory now."

"Old territory?" Mosskit asked. "I don't understand."

"Well, when your mother was an apprentice, MoonClan made them leave the forest. They traveled for awhile until finding a new forest. They've been there ever since. But MoonClan of course followed them...The new territory is near another set of mountains," Ginger explained.

"We're crossing *more* mountains?!" Mosskit groaned.

Ginger laughed. "It's *near* the mountains. We just have to go up one hill. That's it."

"Thank StarClan," Mosskit laughed, finishing his robin.

"We should head off now," Ginger said.

Following Ginger, they headed through the forest once again. It felt great to be back on flat ground. Mosskit hated climbing.

He sighed, thoughts of Snakekit flowing back into his head. Could Snakekit have survived the waterfall? She was tough, but...not that tough. Mosskit tried to think positive, trying to convince himself that she wasn't dead unless it was confirmed.

He began to fall behind Ginger as they padded through the forest.

"Keep up, Mosskit," Ginger warned.

"I will," Mosskit said, following in her footsteps.

He pricked his ears, listening to the sounds of birds chirping and leaves rustling in the wind. Mosskit smiled. He hadn't been able to experience new-leaf on the mountains since they were higher up and covered in snow. But here, he was fully able to experience his first new-leaf.

"New-leaf is wonderful!" Mosskit exclaimed.

"Oh, this is your first one, isn't it?" Ginger asked.

Mosskit nodded. "Oh, yes. This is my very first new-leaf! I'm so excited!" he said, hopping around like a rabbit.

"New-leaf and green-leaf are great seasons," Ginger said. "They provide us with excellent prey. But...there are droughts and storms in these seasons. I guess we can't always have perfect seasons."

"Droughts? Storms?" Mosskit asked, tilting his head.

"Well, it rains a lot in new-leaf since the snow longer falls. It's replaced with rain. When green-leaf comes, there are many storms. And sometimes, there is no rain, which leads to the rivers losing water or sometimes...they lose all the water," Ginger said.

"Wow," Mosskit said. "We really do not have a perfect season."

"But that's what it's like out here in the woods. You have to survive through the toughtest seasons," Ginger said. "I'm sure you will too."

"You think so?" Mosskit asked.

Ginger nodded from up ahead.

Mosskit's stomach began to growl. He opened his mouth to ask Ginger to catch him something, but then realized that he was supposed to catch something for himself today.

"Can we stop so I can catch some prey?" Mosskit asked.

Ginger rolled her eyes. "My, you have an appetite, Mosskit," Ginger laughed.

Mosskit was larger now than the time he had caught the squirrel. Nearly four and a half moons old now, he could catch larger prey.

Mosskit looked around the woods, listening for the movement of prey. He stopped, seeing a gopher nibbling on a plant.

Mosskit crouched down, carefully watching the gopher. With each step, he moved closer until he was right next to the gopher. The gopher noticed Mosskit, but Mosskit leapt, trapping the gopher in his paws and killing it.

"I DID IT!" Mosskit exclaimed. "I CAUGHT A GOPHER!"

"Hush," Ginger hissed. "Do you want to scare every piece of

prey away? Besides, there might be other cats in this forest. Do you want to get in a fight with a rogue or clan cat?"

"Sorry," Mosskit said, crouching down. He sat down, quickly eating the gopher he had caught.

"Are you ready to continue?" Ginger asked.

Mosskit nodded, burying the remains of the gopher. He continued his journey, following Ginger farther into the woods.

They traveled all day, this time still walking past sunset. But once that the stars were fully shining, Ginger stopped.

"Time to find a place to rest. Do you see anywhere?"

Mosskit jerked around, only spotting trees and rocks. "No. Maybe we can find some moss."

"Maybe," Ginger said, looking around. "Ah! I found a stream!"

Mosskit followed after her, drinking some fresh water from the stream. He licked his lips with satisfaction, ready to sleep.

"We could sleep by the stream," Mosskit suggested. "It's not much comfort, but I don't mind sleeping on the forest floor."

"Well, if it's alright with you," Ginger said, laying down beside the gurgling stream.

Mosskit laid down too. As he heard Ginger's breaths steady and become more calm, he knew she was asleep.

Mosskit stared into the stars. "Please come back, Snakekit," he whispered, lowering his head down. He closed his eyes, finally falling asleep.

Chapter 20

For a few days they had walked through the ancient SnowClan forest, finding no traces of cats living in it, only a few animal bones and patches of cat fur that had been left behind.

Today, they were going to spend the night in the ancient SnowClan camp. Mosskit shivered at the thought, thinking that many moons ago, cats were actually *living* in the abandoned camp. Was his mother living there too? Mosskit hadn't known too much about his mother since he had only lived with her for a short time.

Mosskit had been catching food for himself for the past few days now. Ginger was right. It wasn't luck. It was skill. He knew SnowClan would be proud of him.

Mosskit sighed, thinking of SnowClan. Would it really be all great? Snakekit wouldn't be there. Or maybe she would. Mosskit had no idea. If she didn't show up, he would probably never recover and never grow close to any she-cat again.

"Still thinking about her?" Ginger asked, noticing Mosskit's frown.

Mosskit nodded, unable to speak.

"She may return. Has she visited you from StarClan?"

"No one has," Mosskit sighed.

"Maybe they'll visit you soon," Ginger suggested.

"I'm not a medicine cat!" Mosskit hissed. He stopped and sighed, looking at his paws.

"You don't have to be a medicine cat or leader for StarClan to follow you. They can come to any cat," Ginger said.

"I guess," Mosskit sighed, not believing Ginger's words.

Mosskit pricked his ears, hearing a sound from far away. "What was that? You said there were no cats in this forest!"

"I said 'no clans'!" Ginger yowled. "It might be another animal."

"HELLO?!" Mosskit called.

Ginger shoved her tail into Mosskit's mouth. "If it's a vicious rogue, he'll drive us out for sure! I don't want you getting hurt."

The sound came louder, sounding like a cat groaning and mewing. Ginger stood in front of Mosskit as the leaves and bushes twitched. "Who is it?!" Ginger hissed.

Mosskit gasped as a black kitten emerged out of the bushes. Her fur was ragged and dirty. She was missing patches of fur. Her tail was stiff. It looked like she hadn't eaten in weeks. And her eyes, her swollen eyes...were green!

"Snakekit?!" Mosskit gasped.

"I found you!" the she-cat gasped, running towards Mosskit.

"What?! Impossible!" Ginger hissed.

"I survived," Snakekit coughed. "I've barely eaten anything. I found an old bird, but that was it. I can't believe I found all of you!"

"The whole forest and you find us," Ginger mewed. "StarClan is mysterious."

"StarClan taught me a lot during those few weeks," Snakekit said. Mosskit tilted his head, seeing her sigh, as if something was bothering her.

"But I know where my path lies now. I am destined to journey with you until arrival."

"Good," Ginger smiled. "We'll get you something to eat."

"Thank you," Snakekit said, relieved.

What did Snakekit mean about StarClan teaching her a lot? Why did she only say that she was destined to journey until arrival? Surely she would stay.

Ginger caught Snakekit copious amounts of prey, and Snakekit ate until her stomach was about to bulge.

"I haven't had a full belly in weeks," Snakekit laughed.

"You should wash up," Ginger said. "Your pelt is in a disastrous state."

"I know," Snakekit sighed. "Is there a river nearby."

"We're nearing into a meadow," Ginger explained. "A river runs through it."

"Alright, let's go," Mosskit said.

They padded to the meadow. Nothing stirred within it. Wind brushed at the golden weeds that laid in the ground. A beautiful and burbling river strung through the meadow, twisting and turning in many patterns.

Snakekit padded into the shallow part of the river, washing the dirt and plants from her pelt. Once her pelt was fully wet, she got out, drying herself in the blissful sun that had begun to set.

"Should we head to the camp now?" Mosskit asked.

Ginger nodded. "You can dry your pelt along the way, Snakekit."

Snakekit nodded, rising from the ground, shaking the water off her thin pelt.

As Ginger led the way, Mosskit walked alongside Snakekit. "I'm glad your back," Mosskit whispered.

"I'm glad to be back to," she said, though a bit of sadness was detected in her voice.

"StarClan spoke to you while you were looking for us?"

Snakekit nodded. "I didn't realize how powerful the words of StarClan could be. They led me back to you and Ginger."

"Well, I'm just so glad we'll be able to train together in SnowClan," Mosskit said.

"Yeah," Snakekit said quietly.

"Maybe we'll be mates and have kits one day," Mosskit whispered.

"Woah there!" Snakekit laughed. "A little too early to think about that, Mosskit."

"I know," Mosskit laughed. "I'm just glad your back," he said, intertwining his tail with hers. Snakekit pushed her tail away, then continued walking, staring at the ground. What was bothering her?

"We're here!" Ginger said.

Mosskit gasped as they stumbled upon a small camp with small dens, probably only containing about ten cats in each one.

"Are all camps like this?!"

Ginger shook her head. "SnowClan was small at the time. The new SnowClan camp is *much* bigger. Follow me," she said, padding inside the largest den, most likely the warriors den.

"This is the warriors den," Ginger explained.

Mosskit gasped to see nests still sitting in the den, the moss dry and brittle.

Snakekit sat down in one. "Well this is uncomfortable."

"Check this out!" Mosskit gasped. "Look! It's some black hair!"

Some black hairs laid on the moss, most likely from a cat

that had once slept in the nest.

"Interesting," Ginger said. "I'll gather some moss. Stay in here, kits."

Ginger exited the den, leaving Mosskit and Snakekit alone in the vacant warriors den. No one spoke to each other. The two kits awkwardly sat, looking outside of the den, waiting for the old she-cat to return.

Mosskit's eyes began to get droopy as the she-cat still ventured out in the woods. With Snakekit beside him, he laid down on the cold floor of the den, falling asleep.

Chapter 21

Mosskit smiled as he felt the familiar poke of Snakekit. "Wake up," she whispered. Mosskit smiled, rising from the ground. He yawned, digging his claws into the den floor as he stretched.

"Why are you always up so early?" he asked Snakekit.

Snakekit shrugged, shoving a rabbit towards him so that they could share. Mosskit bit into the rabbit, his mouth warmed by the fresh meat. Mosskit chewed slowly and looked around. Swallowing his piece of rabbit, he turned to Snakekit.

"Where's Ginger?" he asked.

"Getting some food for herself," Snakekit said.

"You caught this rabbit?" Mosskit asked, pointing his tail to the rabbit.

Snakekit laughed and nodded. "I learned how to hunt better after nearly dying from that waterfall. You know what they say-cats have nine lives."

Mosskit tilted his head and gulped down his bite of rabbit. "Not all cats. Only the leaders of the clans."

"It's a twoleg term," Snakekit said. "Obviously you seem pretty confused with it. Just forget I said that."

Mosskit nodded, finishing up the rest of the rabbit. He smiled, seeing Snakekit's fur was free from dirt now and it looked as beautiful as ever.

A low fog had spread over the camp, unable to let Mosskit see if Ginger was coming or not.

"Well, I'm ready to go," Snakekit said. "And Ginger still isn't back yet. I wonder why."

Mosskit shrugged. "I'm not sure. GINGER!" he yowled.

No response came. Only the rolling mist moved, covering the old, abandoned SnowClan camp.

He suddenly heard footsteps. Thinking it was Ginger, he ran towards the footsteps, about to tell her they were ready to go. The fog was thick and it concealed him. He couldn't even see the silhouette of Snakekit anymore.

"GINGER!" he shouted.

He gasped, seeing a large silhouette pass by him. Mosskit shrunk down, obviously realizing that this was *not* Ginger near him.

"Ginger," he whispered.

The silhouette passed by again, circling Mosskit as if it was a vulture, circling its prey. "Who are you?!" Mosskit shouted, gaining enough courage to speak.

He gasped as a muzzle came into view. But it wasn't just a muzzle...it was teeth too! "FOX!" Mosskit shouted, moving at just the right time as the fox bit down on air.

It snarled at him, coming closer. Mosskit stepped back, wailing for help. "HELP! SOMEONE HELP! FOX!" he screeched.

He backed up against one of the dens and raced inside, the fox following after him. The fox pushed him into a corner, making it unable for Mosskit to escape. Mosskit winced, expecting to feel jaws wrap around his small body.

He then suddenly saw a flash and heard the yelp of the fox. When Mosskit opened his eyes, the mist had cleared, revealing Ginger and Snakekit standing in the center of the camp.

"Are you alright?!" Snakekit gasped, running towards Mosskit.

"I-I don't know what happened," Mosskit said. "The fox..."

"It's gone now," Ginger said, stroking Mosskit with her tail. "Let's get out of here."

"Agreed," Mosskit said. "This place gives me the chills."

They quickly exited the camp, not daring to look back to see if the fox was still there or not.

"Where to next?" Snakekit asked.

"We're heading past the old FoxClan camp to a clearing. It's where they used to do gatherings."

"Oh," Mosskit said, following after Ginger.

The mist had cleared fully, revealing a bright sun to shine down on them. Mosskit smiled, glad there was some sunlight. Mosskit turned his head, noticing another old camp, this one smaller.

"Is that the FoxClan camp?" Snakekit asked.

Ginger nodded.

Mosskit shivered, noticing blood stained on the den. Something terrible had obviously happened there.

As they continued walking, Mosskit held his gaze on the ground in front of him. He was scared to look around, thinking that predators were lurking nearby, ready to strike.

As they walked further, they entered the clearing. The grass was dead, only small patches remaining. Some large rocks sat in the middle, probably for the leaders to sit on.

Snakekit laughed and jumped up on one. "I'M SNAKESTAR! LEADER OF SNOWCLAN! WITH MY FEARLESS DEPUTY-MOSS..ER..MOSSTAIL?"

Mosskit laughed. "Hey! Who said that you go to be leader?!"

"I was the first one to climb on top of it," Snakekit

proclaimed.

"Stop fooling around," Ginger snapped. "You're almost an apprentice age. We need to keep moving. Do you want to get to SnowClan at the age of twelve moons?"

"No," they groaned.

"Then come on. We can't waste time!" she hissed, swiping her tail to the side.

Mosskit sighed, following Ginger again. Ginger wouldn't let them have any fun. After she left Mosskit at the twoleg nest, she had changed. Mosskit wondered why. What had happened to the kind and sweet Ginger who had taken him in when he was very young?

"Do you think my twoleg owners miss me?" Mosskit asked.

Snakekit shrugged. "Probably. I know my owners probably miss me. But forget about it, Mosskit. Why would you want to be a kittypet? You could be a fierce warrior!"

Mosskit sighed. "Sometimes I think I made a mistake. Maybe I should've stayed with my mother and tried to save her..."

This time Ginger spoke. "Mosskit, there was nothing you could do to save Skycloud. It was her destiny. She was supposed to die that way. It couldn't have been stopped."

"But I could've tried," Mosskit sighed.

"You would've died if you stayed there. Your mother would've been heartbroken if you had died. Now quit whining about your past. Your eyes are set on the future now..."

"I guess," Mosskit groaned.

But a part of him still felt like he made a mistake. Maybe he should've ran in the opposite direction to SnowClan. Maybe he should've gotten help. Maybe he should've just died...Maybe he should've just left the kittypet place the moment he arrived. The

possibilities were endless.

As the day continued, they exited the old SnowClan forest and found a nice place to rest for the night. As the other cats quickly fell asleep, Mosskit couldn't. He kept wondering if he had made the right choice.

As sleep finally found its way to him, Mosskit dreamt he was in StarClan. Mosskit glanced around, wondering what cat had brought him here.

"Hello?" he called, padding around the peaceful forests of StarClan.

"Mosskit," a masculine voice came.

Mosskit gasped, immediately shrinking down as he saw a large white tom standing over him.

"Who-who are you?" Mosskit gasped.

"Mossclaw. I'm your father," Mossclaw said gently.

"Where's Momma? I want Momma!" Mosskit groaned.

"Skycloud can't visit you all the time, Mosskit. I know you've been thinking that you made the wrong choice lately. I've come to talk to you," Mossclaw said.

Mosskit slowly edged forward towards his father. He had never met his father, and he wasn't sure if he trusted his father yet.

"Don't be scared," Mossclaw laughed. "Why are you so troubled?"

"I should've gotten help for Momma!" Mosskit said.

"Mosskit, you couldn't have helped her," Mossclaw sighed, standing over his son.

"Yes I could."

Mossclaw shook his head. "You know, your mother thought the same about me when I died."

"She did?" Mosskit asked.

"Yes, your mother thought constantly about how she should've saved me or created a distraction. She even said so in StarClan," Mossclaw said.

"Oh," Mosskit said.

"But...we can't change the past. She tried to save me, when I was really saving her because I loved her. Skycloud was badly injured and if she created a distraction, she would've died too and you would've never been born. I was destined to die protecting your mother," Mossclaw explained.

"Did Skycloud protect me?" Mosskit asked, curious to hear more about Mossclaw's theory.

Mossclaw laughed. "Of course she did! She didn't tell you to get help because she knew that you would get lost and you could even die. That's why she told you to run, Mosskit. She wanted to protect you because she loved you so much."

"I-I've never thought about it that way," Mosskit confessed.

Mossclaw smiled. "We can't change the past, Mosskit. We must set our eyes on the future because they'll bring happier memories. I died because I loved your mother so much. Your mother died because she loved you so much."

"I'm sad I never go to know you," Mosskit sighed.

"Me too," Mossclaw said. "But I love you very much, Mosskit. You're my only kit and I would be heartbroken if anything ever happened to you. Please, make me proud and stay safe. Know that you made the right choice."

"I love you too, Daddy," Mosskit said, putting his head into his father's soft fur.

Mossclaw smiled. "Good-bye, Mosskit! Good luck on your journey!"

Mosskit smiled as his father faded away and Mosskit opened his eyes. He was in his nest again. It was still dark outside. Mosskit smiled. He would set his eyes on the future now.

Chapter 22

A week had passed since Mosskit's visit from his father and his departure from the old SnowClan forest. The journey had been quite easy, and there was really only a week left of their journey. The thought saddened Mosskit because he would miss Ginger, but he'd be with Snakekit, and he'd have a lot of amazing stories to tell.

This morning, however, it was Mosskit who poked Snakekit with his tail. "Wake up," he whispered, trying not to laugh.

Snakekit opened her eyes and groaned. "What?! No fair! I'm always the one who wakes you up!" Snakekit said, lightly pushing Mosskit with her paws.

Mosskit laughed. "Well, I beat you to it!"

Snakekit sighed, rising from her nest. They had taken shelter under a tall and old oak tree. It had provided them much protection and soothed them with its leaves that rustled in the night.

"Where's Ginger?" Snakekit asked.

Mosskit shrugged.

"That's strange," Snakekit said.

"What is?"

"Well every morning when I wake up, Ginger isn't there!" Snakekit proclaimed.

"She's probably out getting prey every morning," Mosskit laughed.

But Snakekit didn't laugh. "She always goes missing at some point of the night or morning. Something weird is going on."

Mosskit rolled his eyes. "Stop it! Nothing weird is going on! Ginger is just probably—" He was cut off as Ginger walked towards them, carrying two large squirrels, one for each of them.

"Told you," Mosskit whispered in Snakekit's ear.

Snakekit rolled her eyes as she took the squirrel from Ginger and began eating hers.

"Thanks," Mosskit said, grabbing the squirrel from Ginger. He bit into the squirrel and smiled. It tasted so delicious!

Once Mosskit and Snakekit had finished their squirrels, they padded off after Ginger, continuing their journey.

"I'm kind of sad the journey is almost over," Mosskit said.

"Me too," Snakekit sighed.

"Well, at least we'll both be in SnowClan training together, sharing prey together, doing everything together!" Mosskit shouted.

"Yeah," Snakekit said, though a bit of doubt was detected in her voice.

"Why are you sad?" Mosskit asked, knowing that something was wrong with Snakekit.

"I'm not!" she hissed. "Just leave me alone!" She pelted past Mosskit, leaving him in the dust.

What was her problem? Mosskit had only been asking why she was feeling so down in the dumps. Was Snakekit hiding something? Wouldn't she be happy to go to SnowClan?

Mosskit stayed behind Ginger and Snakekit throughout the day, everyone once in awhile glancing at Snakekit as she turned around to make sure he was still there. Why was she mad at him?

As the day concluded, the sun began to set. Ginger found two rocks slanted together, creating a cave for them to sleep in. While Ginger went to get the moss, Mosskit began to speak to

Snakekit.

"Snakekit, why are you mad at me?" Mosskit asked.

"I'm not!" she hissed.

"You just hissed at me!" Mosskit growled. "You are mad at me!"

"I'm not, Mosskit! I'm just...frustrated," she said.

"Frustrated at what?"

"Er, I'm nervous, okay? What if the clan life isn't right for me? We're getting nearer to SnowClan each day and I just don't think I'll be able to fit in," Snakekit sighed.

"Of course you will," Mosskit purred. "You're Snakekit. You always will fit in for me."

Snakekit smiled and turned away. "Thanks," she whispered.

"Come on," Mosskit said, poking Snakekit with his tail.

"Where are we going?" Snakekit asked.

Mosskit didn't speak, but instead led Snakekit to the meadow that layed near their campground for the night. "Look at all the flowers!" he said, pointing them out.

Snakekit smiled. "They're beautiful! How did you find this place?"

"I went to make dirt and found it," Mosskit replied. "Isn't it beautiful?"

Snakekit nodded, brushing her pelt against Mosskit's. For once, Mosskit got a whiff of the old Snakekit again.

"Can't catch me!" Snakekit said, beginning to run through the meadow.

"Oh yes I can!" Mosskit said, running after Snakekit. She

raced ahead of him, but Mosskit quickened his speed and was on her heels. He thrusted a paw out and hit Snakekit's leg.

"Got you!" he shouted.

Snakekit laughed, falling on the ground into the flowers. Mosskit laid down beside her.

"I missed you, Snakekit," Mosskit said.

"Me too," Snakekit replied.

"I was angry for weeks when you didn't return," Mosskit sighed.

"Sh," Snakekit said. "Let's not talk about that. Instead, let's just talk about right now. Look at the moon," she said, pointing to the full moon that laid ahead, the stars shining as well.

A long silence came before anyone spoke again. Finally, Mosskit had the courage to speak. "I love you, Snakekit," he said.

Snakekit looked as if some cat had just clawed at her neck. "I-I love you too," she replied.

Mosskit smiled as he layed next to Snakekit, her warm smile causing him to smile. Mosskit licked her cheek and Snakekit grinned.

"Are you two lovebirds done?!" Ginger asked.

Mosskit's ears pricked. "Oh uh sorry, Ginger," he said. "We didn't know you were back."

"Don't leave the camp!" Ginger hissed. "I didn't know where you had gone!"

"Sorry," Snakekit replied, rising from the ground.

Their perfect moment had been messed up by Ginger. Mosskit sighed, following Snakekit and Ginger back to their camp.

By the time he reached their small cave, Snakekit was already asleep. Ginger was laying down in her nest, obviously sleeping too.

Smiling, Mosskit pulled his nest towards Snakekit and laid down next to her, laying his chin on her stomach. A purr echoed out of Snakekit's mouth and Mosskit fell asleep.

Chapter 23

Mosskit shivered when he awoke. The sky was gray and cloudy. No doubt a storm would occur. When he opened his eyes, he realized his chin was still resting on Snakekit's flank. He quickly pulled his head away, stirring Snakekit.

"Mosskit?" she said.

"I'm here," Mosskit replied, rising from his nest. He looked around, noticing no Ginger. *Maybe Snakekit is right* Mosskit thought. But he shook the thought away. No, Ginger was probably just gathering prey like she did every morning.

"No Ginger?" Snakekit asked.

Mosskit shook his head. "We'll just wait for her to get back."

Snakekit yawned and padded outside of the small cave. Mosskit followed behind her.

As they came outside, Snakekit sat down. "Ugh, another rainy day of new-leaf," she said.

"But green-leaf will be soon," Mosskit pointed out. "New-leaf is almost over."

"I guess," Snakekit said, creating patterns in the dirt with her paw.

"You're doing it again," Mosskit began.

"Doing what?" Snakekit asked.

"Acting like that again! You're acting depressed," Mosskit said. "My father told me to set our eyes on the future. I know you're nervous about SnowClan, but you don't need to be nervous. It's better to be excited."

Snakekit growled, then stopped. "Wait, you told me your father died before you were born."

"Oh, um, well," Mosskit mumbled as he shuffled his paws.

"You lied to me?!" Snakekit hissed.

"No! It's just that..." He sighed, trying to think of how to tell Snakekit about his mother and father visiting him in his dreams.

"So you did know your father?! Your father is probably alive! He's probably at SnowClan, isn't he?! That's why you want to go to SnowClan!" she hissed.

"What? No, Snakekit! That's not true! My father is—"

Mosskit was cut off as Snakekit lashed her tail and padded towards Ginger who had just entered the clearing with some fresh rabbits. Snakekit grabbed the smaller rabbit and began to nibble on it.

Mosskit grabbed the bigger rabbit and sat away from Snakekit, biting into the rabbit. He sighed, wondering what had happened to the Snakekit who he had just known only a day ago. Why was she so angry at him?

Then Mosskit stopped. What if his father was alive? Sure, he had never met him, and his mother told him he was dead, but...what if he wasn't? His mother could've been lying! Maybe he was alive when he gave him that StarClan message? Suddenly, Mosskit thought about him being in SnowClan. Then he stopped. This was exactly what Snakekit was yelling at him about.

Finishing his rabbit, Mosskit rose from the ground, ready to go.

"Snakekit, eat some more," Ginger groaned, pushing the rabbit towards Snakekit.

"I'm not hungry," Snakekit complained.

"You barely nibbled that thing!" Ginger hissed. "Eat!"

Snakekit sighed and took a bite of her rabbit. Once she had swallowed, she pushed the rabbit aside. "Ginger, I'm really not hungry."

Ginger sighed and buried the rabbit. "Some other cat will be lucky when they find it," she mewed. "Now come on, kits. We're only seven sunrises away from arriving!"

Ginger seemed excitement, but neither Mosskit or Snakekit let out a celebratory mew. They were too focused on the fight that had happened that morning while Ginger had been hunting.

As they walked, the clouds continued to grow darker. Mosskit shivered as the wind blew at his pelt. How was Snakekit dealing with this cold weather?

Suddenly, Mosskit felt the first raindrop on the tip of his nose. "Rain!" he yowled.

Ginger rolled her eyes. "It's fine for now, Mosskit. Once it gets bad, we'll find a spot to stay until the storm passes."

"Why not now?" Snakekit said. "I'm freezing my pelt off!"

"I can stand next to you and keep you warm," Mosskit offered.

"I'm fine," Snakekit remarked, still angry at Mosskit.

But as they walked, the rain continued to fall, falling faster and faster with each pawstep.

"Ginger, I really think we should go find a place," Snakekit said.

"For once, I agree with Snakekit," Mosskit said.

"For once?!" she hissed.

"No, I meant with the weath—"

"Whatever," Snakekit hissed.

Mosskit jumped as a clap of thunder came from overhead.

"Scared?" Snakekit said in a snooty voice.

"No," Mosskit remarked, jumping again as another thunder clap sounded.

"Kits! We need to get inside now!" Ginger yowled, her voice barely audible because of the rushing wind.

Mosskit squinted as rain and wind rushed against his pelt. He struggled to walk through the wind and rain. He turned to see Snakekit struggling too.

"Grab onto my tail!" Mosskit said.

"No! I'm fine!" Snakekit hissed, lashing her tail.

"Please..."

But Snakekit didn't and continued to walk through the heavy rain, no matter how bad she struggled. Mosskit struggled too. He only hoped Snakekit would be okay.

Ginger looked around. "There's nothing here!" she yowled.

Mosskit looked around too but saw absolutely nothing.

He gasped as a sudden screech came from Snakekit. She was grasping onto a rock with all her might, the wind trying to push her.

"I'll save you!" Mosskit said, sprinting towards Snakekit. He groaned as the wind pushed him into the rock, but he grabbed Snakekit's scruff anyway, trying to heave her off.

He gasped as the wind picked up and thunder clapped. Rain poured down heavily. Mosskit couldn't even see where he was anymore. He couldn't see Ginger either.

He let go of Snakekit and stood over her, protecting her with his body. He gasped as water flooded the ground. Suddenly,

Mosskit was pushed away by the wind, plunging into a tree.

"Snakekit!" he yowled.

The wind pierced his ears and the rain stung his eyes. He tried to walk forward, but it was hopeless. The storm was much too strong.

Mosskit stumbled forward, falling onto the ground, his head already hurting from hitting the tree. His vision then began to darken, and he swore he saw Snakekit standing over him...

Chapter 24

When Mosskit awoke, he was no longer in the blazing storm. He was nice and warm in a comfy nest made of moss. He yawned, still hearing the ringing of wind in his ears. Where was he?

"Hi there, sleepyhead," Ginger spoke.

Mosskit looked around, noticing he was no longer in the storm, but in a very large cave, large enough to fit at least two clans!

"What is this place?" Mosskit asked. He went to rise, but stayed down, his legs sore.

"SnowClan and FoxClan stayed in this cave while traveling to their new home. Your mother stayed in this cave too," Ginger pointed out.

"Wow," Mosskit said. *My mother stayed in here!* he thought with excitement.

He turned his head to see Snakekit smiling at him. Why was she smiling at him? Hadn't she been angry with him before. Snakekit rose, padding over to Mosskit and laying down next to him, licking his fur.

"You're not mad at me?" Mosskit asked.

Snakekit shook her head. "You protected me in that storm..."

"How did I end up here?" Mosskit asked.

Ginger paused for a moment. "Well, I had lost track of you two, and when I found you, Snakekit was lying on you, trying to keep you warm. You were unconscious. Snakekit believed you were dead. We found this cave shortly after and made you nice and comfy here. It was quite a heroic deed what Snakekit did."

"You saved me?" Mosskit asked.

Snakekit nodded, licking his cheek. "You saved me."

Mosskit sighed. "I'm sorry about what happened earlier today. My father is dead...I know he is. He visited me in StarClan. You just wouldn't let me explain."

"No, I'm sorry," Snakekit said. "I should have let you explained. I shouldn't have just stormed off like that."

Ginger, obviously feeling awkward by the two of them, rose from the ground. "I'll get some food," she said, padding over to a small fresh kill pile that laid in the center of the cave.

"Is the storm still going on?" Mosskit asked.

Snakekit nodded. "It's not as bad. Ginger was able to catch some prey. Are you hungry?"

Mosskit nodded.

"I'll bring you something to eat," Snakekit said, padding over to the pile of prey, grabbing a mouse for him.

Mosskit smiled, biting into the mouse. The warm meat filled his body, and soon his hunger was gone.

He turned towards Ginger. "How long are we staying here?"

"Only until the storm passes," Ginger said. "It's calming down as we speak."

Mosskit nodded, rising from his small nest. He padded around, stretching his sore limbs. It felt odd not walking around like he usually did every morning, but this rest would surely be a blessing for him.

"Want to play moss-ball?" Snakekit asked.

"Sure," Mosskit said.

Snakekit smiled, rolling some moss into a ball. She laughed and tossed it to Mosskit. Mosskit scurried for the ball, but it hit him in the face. Snakekit giggled.

"We'll see how you like that!" Mosskit said, kicking it at Snakekit.

Snakekit ducked, the ball going over her head. "This is moss-ball! Not death-ball!" she joked, grabbing the ball from the corner of the den.

She tossed it at Mosskit slowly, allowing him to catch the ball.

Mosskit smiled as he tossed it back to her.

He had a faint memory of doing this when he was younger. He was in that cave with his mother, Tooth, and that other white tom. He was sure that it was Tooth's son, though he didn't remember the name. They had played moss-ball together while Skycloud and Tooth had talked. It was a small memory, but it brought happiness to Mosskit. There was so much about his past that was unanswered.

The two kits continued to play their game until Mosskit could no longer hear the howling of wind.

"Come outside!" Ginger gasped.

The two padded outside, seeing the clouds had subsided and a beautiful rainbow had spread over the clouds.

"Wow!" Snakekit said. "I've never seen anything so beautiful."

Mosskit nodded. "Are we ready to go?"

"No," Ginger said. "It's later in the day, plus you two are both sore from experiences this morning. We'll rest here and continue tomorrow."

"Thanks," Mosskit said, padding to his nest for a nap.

Snakekit sat down beside him, purring.

"What are you so happy about?" Mosskit asked.

"I'm just happy to be here with you," Snakekit purred, licking her paw.

Mosskit smiled then closed his eyes, drifting off into a dream.

He opened his eyes in StarClan once again. "Daddy? Momma?"

Mosskit let out a smile as Skycloud padded towards him, her gray tabby pelt shining brightly.

"Momma!" he said, running towards his mother.

Skycloud smiled. "I haven't seen you in awhile, Mosskit."

"I know!" Mosskit said. "I met Daddy! He told me all about how you were in love and how he protected you!"

"Oh did he?" Skycloud laughed. Her facial expression changed to something more serious though. "I understand you don't know much about your past, but now is not the time to share all of it. Mosskit, I slept in this cave many, many moons ago, when I was a mere apprentice, a few moons older than you. I'll let the memory flood your mind," she said.

Before Mosskit could ask what she was talking about, his eyes flashed, and he suddenly was transported back into the cave, but it was different. Many other cats stood, mewing with each other, sharing tongues, eating. Mosskit looked around, spotting his mother. She was much younger, looking only a few moons older than him.

Skycloud sat with two other cats-both pure white. One was a tom, his eyes a bright blue. The other, a she-cat, one eye green, the other blue.

"When do you think Rosefur will return?" the white she-cat

asked.

The white tom shrugged. "She promised she would return with the kits," the tom said.

"And she is our mother," Skycloud pointed out.

"I hope you're right, Skypaw," the white tom said.

Skypaw? Mosskit thought *She was only an apprentice when this happened!*

"Of course she's right, Cloudpaw!" the white she-cat said, slapping the tom with her tail. "My sister is always right!"

Mosskit gathered the information he had just heard. As far as he knew, Rosefur was their mother, but she was returning with kits. Whose? Hers? Another cat's? The cats standing beside Skypaw were obviously her siblings, the tom being named Cloudpaw. But what was the she-cat's name?

"BLACKTAIL IS INJURED!" A yowl came from outside the den.

Blacktail? Who's he? Mosskit thought. He was curious to find out what happened, but he was quickly transported away, arriving back in StarClan with his mother.

"Blacktail? Who's he?" Mosskit asked.

Skycloud bit her lip. "It doesn't matter right now. But I just wanted you to know who your family was."

"That tom and she-cat, they were your siblings right? Cloudpaw is your brother. What is the she-cat's name?" Mosskit asked.

"Petalpaw. Er, Petalnose I guess. Cloudpaw's warrior name is Cloudfur," Skycloud said.

"I can't wait to see them in SnowClan!" Mosskit squeaked.

"Yeah," Skycloud said, though a bit of doubt was detected in her voice.

"And Rosefur is your mother?" Mosskit asked.

Skycloud nodded.

"What did she mean by kits?"

Skycloud sighed. "You do not need to know all. I'm sure your questions will be answered in SnowClan. Good-bye, Mosskit," Skycloud said, her silhouette fading away.

"Wait! No! I have more questions!" Mosskit shouted.

He quickly awoke in his nest, it was nighttime now. Ginger and Snakekit were already asleep.

Mosskit's stomach grumbled and he got out of his nest, padding to the small little pile of prey. The only thing that was left was a measly robin. Mosskit took the robin and ate away, thoughts stirring through his brain.

Who were those kits Rosefur was bringing? Who was Skycloud's father? Who was Blacktail?

But Mosskit shook his head. "No, Petalnose and Cloudfur will answer my questions," he whispered.

Chapter 25

Mosskit awoke to see sunlight filtering through the giant cave that they had taken shelter in for the night. Mosskit shivered with excitement. Ever since Skycloud had visited him that previous night, he had been even more anxious to arrive in SnowClan to see his family.

"Snakekit," he whispered, poking her with his tail.

"Aw, you woke me up again!" she groaned, laughing.

Two squirrels sat in the middle of the cave, both for Snakekit and Mosskit. Mosskit grabbed the squirrel, biting into it. "I can't *wait* to get to SnowClan!"

Snakekit laughed. "I can see that. Why are you in such a hurry? The journey is really the fun part."

"I just really want to see my family," Mosskit sighed. "I don't know much about my past...I need someone to explain it to me."

Snakekit dipped her head, understanding where he was coming from. "I see."

"HOW LONG ARE YOU TWO GOING TO TAKE?!" A yowl came from outside.

Mosskit laughed to see Ginger standing outside, waiting for the two kits to finish their morning meal.

"I'm eating!" Mosskit said, fastening his pace of eating. His squirrel was soon gone, and he was ready to continue. He padded out of the cave, leaving Snakekit behind.

Ginger smiled as Snakekit followed behind him. Soon, they were off, ready to continue their journey.

Mosskit padded behind Ginger with Snakekit as always.

There was silence for a few minutes before Snakekit began to talk.

"So...why are you confused about your past, Mosskit?" Snakekit asked.

"I just have so many questions," Mosskit replied.

"Like what?"

"Well, I just found out last night that my mother had siblings in SnowClan. Her sister, Petalnose, and her brother, Cloudfur, are there. My mother showed me a memory of her with her siblings. They were talking about Skycloud's mother, Rosefur, bringing kits to SnowClan. That's the first confusing part. What kits are they talking about?"

Snakekit shrugged. "What about Skycloud's father?"

"That's the other confusing part. They never mentioned him. Maybe he died or something. He wasn't there with them and he wasn't mentioned with Rosefur. I don't even know what his name is," Mosskit said.

"Or he's from another clan," Snakekit pointed out.

Anger spiked Mosskit's pelt. "No! My mother is pure SnowClan through and through!"

Snakekit was taken aback by his comment. "I'm sorry. It was just a thought," Snakekit said.

Mosskit sighed. "I also have no idea about my father's past. I don't even know if he was born in SnowClan or not. I don't know if he has siblings, or who his parents are. I never even knew my father. All I know is that he's my father and he was murdered by T-," Mosskit stopped.

"What?" Snakekit asked.

"M-my mother t-told me that Tooth murdered my father, Mossclaw...But then she fell in love with Tooth shortly after my birth. What if I'm really Tooth's kit?!"

Snakekit laughed. "Oh you're just going insane. You're Mossclaw's kits. Why else would you be named Mosskit?"

"As a cover-up," Mosskit said.

Snakekit giggled. "You're really going too far with this. What else are you confused about? And don't talk about being Tooth's son, because you're not."

"Blacktail," Mosskit said.

Snakekit tilted her head. "Blacktail?"

"I hadn't heard about him until last night. When Skycloud showed me that vision, someone yelled at Blacktail was injured. There was a look of horror on Skycloud's face."

"Hey! Maybe that's Skycloud's father!"

"Maybe," Mosskit said. "But Cloudfur and Petalnose weren't as concerned."

Snakekit shrugged. "Anything else?"

"Well, when my mother brought me to SnowClan that one time, she put me in the nursery next to two other kits. One was a light gray tabby she-cat, who looked very similar to my mother. The other, a dark gray tom. I think they called Skycloud 'Mommy'. The two siblings shot glares at me, and I didn't know why. I think Skycloud might be their mother..."

Snakekit tilted her head. "It's possible, but who would the father be?"

Mosskit shrugged. "The kits didn't look similar to Mossclaw at all, but maybe they're his kits too? MAYBE THEY'RE MY SIBLINGS!" But then he stopped. "They were much bigger and older than me though. They looked like they were almost apprentices."

Snakekit sighed. "Maybe they didn't say 'Mommy'. They could've been talking to another cat."

"Maybe," Mosskit sighed.

"Is that all?"

"Basically," Mosskit said. "But I still want to know all about my mother and father. How they met, when they fell in love."

"I'm sure all your questions will be answered soon," Snakekit smiled.

Their conversation came to an end after that. Mosskit and Snakekit continued to walk throughout the woods, Ginger guiding them.

Mosskit couldn't wait two more weeks. He wanted his questions answered now. He sighed as he walked, occasionally glancing at Snakekit, then turning away.

When he was hungry, he caught a bird, eating it without speaking. What were all these secrets that were being kept from him? Why couldn't he be told the truth?

As the day settled down, they found a nice place under a large tree that provided shelter. Mosskit settled down in the grass, lying alongside with Snakekit. He rested his head on his paws and slept.

Mosskit had a nightmare. He dreamed he was in the SnowClan nursery, and those two kits were glaring at him once again, hissing and spitting at him. He dreamt Skycloud was there too, giving the kits love, singing to them, as if she was their mother. She left Mosskit alone and he sat, watching the two kits fall asleep next to his mother.

Mosskit awoke, panting hard. It was all a dream. Skycloud wasn't really their mother. Skycloud was his mother. Yet, he couldn't shake the image out of his mind.

Chapter 26

The nightmare had shaken Mosskit up, and he couldn't fall back asleep. He glanced around, looking for Ginger. The sun was only rising, and Snakekit was fast asleep. He swore that he had woken up before everyone else.

She must be getting some prey Mosskit thought, waiting for the old she-cat to return.

He sat awhile waiting as the sun rose up. Suddenly, the she-cat appeared out of nowhere, two robins in her jaw.

"Mosskit?" she frowned. "What are you doing awake so early?"

"I-I couldn't sleep," Mosskit said. "Oh boy, is that a robin? I'm starving!" He grabbed the robin quickly, biting into it so he didn't have to answer any more questions. He didn't want Ginger knowing about his nightmares.

"Well, I guess you were hungry," Ginger said. She padded over to Snakekit and lightly poked the she-cat. "Wake up, Snakekit."

Snakekit opened her eyes. "Aw, no! Mosskit woke up before me *again*?!"

Mosskit laughed as he ate his robin, watching the look on her face. She was obviously shocked that Mosskit kept awakening earlier than her.

"You better fix that," Mosskit laughed. "Because you'll have to wake up even earlier in the clan!"

Snakekit growled and leapt at him, pinning him down. She laughed and lightly pawed at him. "I *will* wake up first tomorrow. You'll see!"

"Sure," Mosskit said, rolling his eyes as he pushed the she-

cat off of him.

"Eat your robin, Snakekit. We are on a schedule," Ginger said. "We should be arriving in SnowClan in a couple of days. We're nearly there."

"Yay!" Mosskit exclaimed, jumping up and down, excited to discover his past.

Snakekit finished up her robin, and they began on their journey again. This time, the conversation started up right away, unlike the previous day where they had gone awhile without speaking to one another.

"So, about what you said yesterday," Snakekit said, shuffling her paws.

"Yeah, what?" Mosskit asked.

"It-it made me think of my past too. I have so many unanswered questions. All I know is that my mother abandoned me and gave me the horrid name of Snakekit. But what if I have siblings? Who is my mother? What clan did she belong to? Who's my father?"

"Wow, I guess you have more questions than me," Mosskit pointed out.

"Not exactly," Snakekit said. "You've met lots of cats, and that's why you're so confused. I haven't met any members of my family."

"Maybe you'll find them one day," Mosskit suggested.

"Maybe," Snakekit said. "When I'm not beating you at apprentice training!" she laughed, poking him in the stomach.

"Hey!" Mosskit said, leaping for her.

Snakekit leapt aside, giggling. "Can't catch me!" she giggled, running around Ginger.

Ginger rolled her eyes, obviously annoyed by their playing.

"Oh yes I can!" Mosskit said, chasing after her. He reached out to bite onto her tail when he slipped, landing in a pile of mud. "Mouse dung!" he hissed, rising from the ground. His pelt was coated in the brown mud, making him look more like a brown cat than a white cat.

"Oh, Mosskit!" Ginger exclaimed. "This is why I don't like it when you kits play these games. Mosskit is covered in mud. We'll have to find a stream or a pond now to wash it off. I can't send you to SnowClan like this."

"You're overreacting, Ginger," Mosskit said. "I'll find one myself."

"Don't venture far," Ginger warned.

Mosskit nodded, padding into some bushes. He glanced around, looking for some sort of water. As he continued to walk, he came across a sparkling pond, the sun reflecting off of it beautifully.

"Wow," he whispered.

He looked around, making sure there were no predators around, then he leapt in, padding around the pond, washing the dirt off. He glanced, seeing that no dirt showed in the clean water. Why was that?

Suddenly, a figure came into view. It was a black tortoiseshell kit-more like an apprentice. Mosskit looked up, obviously thinking she was standing by the water, but she wasn't. She was...in the water!

Mosskit screeched, backing out of the shimmering pond. The apprentice had faded. Now it was just the pond. "What is this?" Mosskit asked, dipping his head down to drink from the fresh pond.

But as soon as he touched his nose to the pool, he slept and began to dream. He opened his eyes in StarClan. Why was he here? He was only in the pond a moment ago!

He glanced around. "Where am I?"

He looked, seeing a black tom with bright green eyes padding near him.

"Who are you?!" Mosskit gasped.

The tom looked young, only about 20 moons or so. His green eyes contrasting with his pure black body. He was muscular, a very fit and healthy looking tom.

"I am Blacktail," he replied.

Mosskit gasped. This was the tom who had been injured many moons ago.

"You-do you know Skycloud?" Mosskit asked.

Blacktail dipped his head and nodded. "Why yes, I do know her."

"How do you know her? Are you related?" Mosskit asked.

"That's simple. I was Skycloud's—"

Mosskit opened his eyes to see Ginger and Snakekit looking down at him.

"No, no, no!" he groaned.

"What?" Snakekit asked. "We hadn't heard from you in awhile so we came looking and found you asleep here."

"What is this pool?" Mosskit asked. "I went to StarClan!"

"Moonpool," Ginger said. "SnowClan uses Moonstone which is near their territory. There must be clans nearby. What did you dream about?"

Mosskit shrugged. "I don't know. There was this cat named Blacktail and then SOMEBODY WOKE ME UP!"

Snakekit laughed. "You'll learn about him at SnowClan.

Don't be so harsh, Mosskit."

Mosskit sighed. "Well, my pelt's clean now. Can we go?"

Ginger nodded.

Mosskit followed after her, grumbling. Why had they woken him? He was just about to learn who Blacktail was! Now he would never know until he got to SnowClan. Suddenly Mosskit stopped in his tracks.

Blacktail said he *was.* Was. Not am. He said 'I was' not 'I am'. He couldn't be her father then. "I was her father"? That didn't sound right. Then what was it? Mentor? Friend? MATE?! Mosskit shivered. What if those kits really were Skycloud's kits? What if they were Blacktail's?!

"What is taking so long, slowpoke," Snakekit groaned.

"I think I know who Blacktail is," Mosskit gasped, running to her side.

"Well, who is he?"

"He said 'I was Skycloud's', then you woke me up. He didn't say 'am' though, so he couldn't be Skycloud's father or sibling, or relative. So that got me thinking. What if he was her *mate?!* And what if those kits I had seen are *his?!* My half siblings!" Mosskit gasped, breathing heavily now.

Snakekit purred. "Oh, Mosskit. He was probably just her mentor or friend. That's probably why she looked so concerned when they said he was injured."

"But the kits!" Mosskit argued.

"Forget about those kits! They *aren't* hers, Mosskit! Stop wasting your time. You're overreacting," Snakekit said.

"OVERREACTING?! I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS! HOW CAN YOU ASSUME ALL OF THIS?!" Mosskit hissed, anger flaring through his eyes.

Snakekit sighed. "You're right, I don't, but—"

She was cut off as Mosskit pelted past her, furious at what she had said.

"Wait, Mosskit," Snakekit said, running after him.

"Forget it!" he spat, ignoring the she-cat who longingly looked at him.

"I'm sorry," Snakekit said.

"I don't care!" he growled, walking past her.

Ginger turned around and faced the kits. "Okay, you two have been arguing too much these past few days! We are stopping right now until you apologize to one another and make up."

"But that's no fair!" Snakekit said. "We'll arrive in SnowClan later than expected."

"And we're on a schedule," Mosskit pointed out.

"Oh, we can wait," Ginger grinned, waving her tail back and forth.

The two kits sat for awhile, not daring to speak for one another. Ginger didn't move though. Mosskit knew that she meant it when she said they wouldn't move until they apologized.

Finally, Snakekit turned towards Mosskit. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to offend you. I was just trying to reassure you so you could get this thing off your chest."

Mosskit sighed, letting out his apology too. "Th-that's okay. I shouldn't have yelled. You were just trying to help."

"Friends?" Snakekit said, lending out a paw.

"Friends," Mosskit said, slapping his paw against hers.

"Good!" Ginger said. "Well, it's near sunset now, so we

better walk fast. We'll be walking during dark since you two created quite a delay."

Mosskit rolled his eyes. "Staying on schedule?"

"Always," Ginger grinned, then turned around and continued walking towards the bright and setting sun.

Chapter 27

They had slept in some bushes that night, feeling one of the first warm nights of green-leaf. Mosskit had slept wonderful, no nightmares. He suddenly felt a poking in his side.

"Haha! I woke up first!" Snakekit said, poking Mosskit.

Mosskit groaned. "No! I was waking up so early! Fine, you were up first," he said, rising up from the bushes and creeping out so his pelt wasn't coated in leaves. He didn't want to wash his pelt off *again,* not after what happened the previous day at Moonpool.

"Where's Ginger?" Mosskit asked.

"She's not here...again," Snakekit said.

"Snakekit, she's probably just getting prey! Stop it with your generalizations," Mosskit said.

"Alright, alright," Snakekit replied, rolling her eyes. "But something weird is going on."

Mosskit shook his head and rolled his eyes. Why did she think Ginger was doing something every morning? She was getting prey for them, nothing more!

Before Mosskit could say anything else, Ginger padded to them with two mice.

"It's not much," she rasped. "But, it'll do."

Mosskit took the larger mouse, biting into it and quickly devouring it. Snakekit however ate is slowly, obviously trying to savor the delicious mouse.

"So, where are we going today?" Snakekit asked.

"We'll be nearing the SnowClan forest today," Ginger

explained. "We'll stop at the edge of the forest, spend the night there, and continue. We only have about three more days left."

"Wow," Mosskit said. "It flew by so fast..."

"Not really," Snakekit said.

After the two had finished their meal, they padded after Ginger into the the woods, ready to continue their journey to their home.

"I can't wait to see Petalnose and Cloudfur! I want to see if those kits are still there too! I can't believe we're so close!" Mosskit gasped. "Finally the truth with unveil."

"Yeah," Snakekit sighed.

"Why are you sad?" Mosskit asked.

Snakekit quickly jerked back to her old self. "Sad? I'm not sad...I was uh...I'm not sad!"

"Alright then," Mosskit said, continuing to pad through the dim-lit forest.

"Now when we do near the SnowClan forest," Ginger explained. "You all must be very careful. There will be cats nearby. Don't make too much noise. In fact, I wouldn't make much noise now. There might be clans nearby too."

"Alright," Snakekit and Mosskit said in unison.

Mosskit felt his stomach growling. The mouse had not filled his stomach, and he still had an appetite.

"Are you hungry?" whispered Mosskit to Snakekit.

"No, not really," Snakekit whispered back.

"Well I am. I'm going to catch something," Mosskit announced.

Ginger turned her head. "But we're on a schedule! Can't you wait?"

"I'll come with him," Snakekit said.

"I'll make it quick," Mosskit promised.

"Fine," Ginger groaned.

Mosskit padded deeper into the forest with Snakekit, ready to catch something. He sniffed, seeing a mouse chewing on something. He leapt, catching the mouse in his paws and killing it.

"Alright, we can go," Mosskit said. He looked around, but saw no Snakekit. "Snakekit?"

"SNAKE! SNAKE!" A sudden yowl came from Snakekit.

Mosskit leapt to her, coming face to face with a large adder. "J-just back up s-slowly," Mosskit said. "Then..RUN!"

The two leapt, the snake following after them, almost striking Mosskit in the heel.

"HELP!" Mosskit yowled.

A sudden flash came and Mosskit turned. The snake was gone. How was that even possible?

"Ginger, there was a snake!" Snakekit gasped, panting heavily.

"Are you two alright?" Ginger asked.

Mosskit nodded. "I left my mouse on the ground though back there..."

"We'll just have to get you some prey later," Ginger said.

"STOP! WHO GOES THERE?!" A sudden yowl came.

Mosskit turned around to see three cats staring down at them. One was a black she-cat, her eyes a deep amber. The other

was a tan-colored she-cat, her eyes blue. The last, the one who had spoken, was a thick-furred brown tabby tom.

"I said 'who goes there'?!" the tom hissed.

"We don't mean any harm," Ginger explained. "We're traveling to a clan and we're just passing through."

"They're probably rogues in disguise!" the black she-cat hissed.

"We're not rogues!" Snakekit growled. "I'm Snakekit, and this is my friend, Mosskit!"

"Snakekit," the tan she-cat laughed. "What did your mother hate you or something?"

Snakekit growled. "Yes..."

All three laughed.

"Leave her alone!" Mosskit hissed.

Ginger pushed him aside. "Now look here you stupid kittypets."

"We are *not* kittypets!" the brown tom hissed.

"I don't care who you are," Ginger hissed. "We're traveling to SnowClan and we're just passing through. Leave us alone..."

"No," the black she-cat hissed.

Ginger leapt at the she-cat pinning her down. The tom and tan she-cat leapt on Ginger, but Ginger tossed them off. "Let us pass," Ginger whispered.

The black she-cat nodded and scurried off with the other two cats.

"What's the matter with them?" Mosskit asked.

Snakekit stood, sitting down and gazing at the ground.

Obviously the comment they had made about her name had hurt her.

"Snakekit, what's the matter?" Mosskit asked.

"My name!" she hissed. "What if...what if other cats make fun of my name like that?"

"Those were stupid clan cats," Ginger reassured her. "No SnowClan cat will do that to you."

"What about kittypets?" she whispered, barely audible/

"Kittypets?"

"Nevermind," Snakekit said. "Can we go now?"

Ginger nodded, leading them away from the spot they had been standing in.

For the remainder of the day, no one spoke. The remarks the cats had made had silenced them, and they refused to speak.

As the sun set and night fell, Ginger stopped. "We're here! We're at the SnowClan forest!"

"YAY!" Snakekit squeaked, bouncing up and down.

Mosskit did the same.

"We'll sleep now. You can sleep in all you want! We'll cross that large hill tomorrow that leads us to the clans. Now make yourself comfy," Ginger said.

Mosskit laid down in the grass, smiling. He would be home soon...

Chapter 28

Mosskit awoke in the middle of the afternoon. He had never slept in that late before. Snakekit and Ginger were already up, chatting with each other.

"Why, good morning sleepy," Ginger laughed. "There's a squirrel for you over by that tree."

"Thanks," Mosskit said, padding over towards the tree and getting the squirrel.

It was plump, and would surely get rid of his hunger. He ate it slowly, savoring each bite. He hadn't been able to eat that mouse yesterday after the adder and the cats.

"So when do we leave?" Mosskit asked.

"We're going to clean you off first," Ginger said. "But we won't arrive until tomorrow morning. We'll sleep somewhere and then head off to SnowClan the next morning."

Snakekit gulped and Mosskit wondered why. She was probably just nervous about her new home.

"What do you mean by clean us?" Mosskit asked.

"A grooming will do," Ginger replied. "Who wants to go first?"

"Ladies first," Mosskit quickly said.

Snakekit rolled her eyes. "Alright, just because you're too much of a wimp," she said, padding over to Ginger.

"Am not!" Mosskit snapped back.

"Alright, then go then," Snakekit said, pointing her tail towards Ginger.

"Fine," he groaned, padding over to the old she-cat.

"Sit down here," she said. Mosskit sat and shuddered as Ginger licked his fur to make it all neat and tidy.

Snakekit laughed. "You should see your face right now, Mosskit."

Mosskit rolled his eyes, feeling Ginger's tongue lick his fur into all sorts of patterns. After awhile, Ginger stopped.

"Are you done?" he shuddered.

Ginger laughed. "Yes. Now don't mess up your fur. Snakekit, you're next."

Mosskit watched as Ginger groomed Snakekit's fur as well, fixing it up just as she had done with Mosskit, though she was easier since her fur was slick and smooth, not thick and furry.

As Mosskit sat, a thought occurred him. Would he be watching something similar to this moons from now? Would he be watching Snakekit groom their kits? He assumed they would be mates. They would, wouldn't they? He had never really thought that maybe Snakekit didn't want a mate or kits...Mosskit shook his head. He was only a little older than six moons. Why think about this now?

Soon enough, Ginger finished grooming Snakekit and they were off.

Since it was the middle of the afternoon, almost approaching evening, they would only be going up the hill, then finding a comfortable place to rest for the night.

Mosskit glanced around the forest. The next day at this time he would be in SnowClan, already getting comfortable in his new surroundings.

He looked at Ginger leading the way. Where would she go? He had never really thought about it. Would she journey back? Or would she stay in SnowClan. She could be an elder maybe. Or a

senior warrior. But she did mention she didn't enjoy clans...Mosskit didn't want her to leave though. He had grown a close relationship with the old tabby.

Birds perched on branches and sang, the soft tunes of their chirps comforting Mosskit. He looked around the SnowClan forest. He had been told that FoxClan and CloudClan also shared the forest. Were they patrolling right now and watching them. He shook his head. The clans were *over* the hill. They weren't near any clans yet.

Mosskit looked up at the giant hill. It was large alright. A vast meadow full of beautiful flowers layed before it.

Mosskit took a step forward, walking into the lush meadow. Snakekit followed behind him, walking cautiously, as if she was waiting for something. But what?

Mosskit looked forward, barely able to see Ginger. The ferns and flowers swallowed the she-cat up. He could only see a tail waving back and forth as they padded closer to the hill.

"Aren't you excited?" Mosskit asked.

Snakekit was looking the other direction. She turned. "Oh um yeah," she said nervously.

"Why are you talking like that?" Mosskit asked.

"L-like what? I'm-I'm talking regularly," Snakekit protested.

"You're acting really nervous and cautious," Mosskit said.

"Am not! I'm just excited for SnowClan, that's all," Snakekit said, obviously lying, still looking around.

Mosskit just shook his head. He would figure it out soon enough. He continued following Ginger's ginger tail until they came to the base of the hill, the sun just daring to set beyond it.

"Ready to climb?" Ginger asked.

Mosskit nodded, thinking back to the times they had spent in the mountains. The times when he had thought Snakekit was dead and would never return. He was glad that she was here with him now.

Step by step, Mosskit began to climb up the hill with Snakekit right beside him. He gave her a gentle smile as they climbed. Snakekit gave a weak smile back, still glancing around. *What is she waiting for?* Mosskit thought.

They continued walking, almost halfway up the giant hill. Mosskit's legs felt tired and sore from the endless climbing. Snakekit was falling behind too, just like she had done in the mountains.

"Need help?" he asked.

"No, I can handle it," Snakekit reassured him.

They continued to climb, their pace slowing as they came up further. Mosskit felt as if he was going to collapse right there. His legs were about to give out from all the continuous climbing.

"Can we rest?" he breathed.

Ginger rolled her eyes and stopped climbing. "Climb onto my back," she said.

Relieved, Mosskit and Snakekit climbed onto her back and she continued walking. Mosskit looked down below, seeing the beautiful forest they had just come from.

"Good-bye journey," he whispered as they finally arrived at the top of the hill.

Pinks and oranges painted the sky as the orange sun set. Mosskit yawned. Although he had only been up for half the day, he already felt tired.

Ginger looked around. "Over here!" she said.

Mosskit and Snakekit followed after her as they padded through several bushes and trees, going to the place that Ginger had

seen.

As Ginger disappeared into the bushes, the two kits padded after her. Mosskit gasped as he came across an abandoned camp. It looked just like the one that they had seen in the old SnowClan forest, but this was better.

"What is this place?" Mosskit asked.

"This is the abandoned MoonClan camp. It's empty now, but the evil cats used to stay here. Once they lost the battle, they left, but the camp still remains," Ginger explained.

Snakekit nodded and yawned. "Can we sleep now?"

Ginger twitched her whiskers in amusement. "Yes. Let's go into the smaller den."

Mosskit followed the she-cat into the smaller den. "What den was this?" he asked.

"The elder's den. Or the prisoner den. Moonstar wouldn't let the cats retire as elders, so she kept prisoners in here," Ginger said.

Mosskit shuddered. "MoonClan is gone, right?"

"Moonstar is and there is no MoonClan, but members are still out in the woods..."

Mosskit felt fear building up in him. What if MoonClan did return one day and he had to go into battle? The thought shook him.

Trying not to think about, he laid down and curled his fluffy tail around his nose, falling into a deep sleep and dreaming about what adventures would lay ahead of him in SnowClan.

Chapter 29

Mosskit awoke and smiled at the brightly lit sky. He got up and stretched. Ginger was in the camp, pushing a rabbit towards him. Snakekit was still asleep.

"Eat up fast," Ginger whispered. "You want to get to SnowClan, right?"

Mosskit nodded, gobbling up the rabbit in minutes.

Ginger laughed as he ate. "I'll go wake up Snakekit," she said, padding into the den.

Mosskit sat, licking the meat off the bones of the dead rabbit. As excited as he was, nervousness filled his stomach. Would he like it in SnowClan?

He watched as Snakekit awoke, her fur all ruffled. As she hate, Ginger groomed it, trying to make the she-cat look nice again.

"Rough night?" Mosskit asked.

"I was just nervous the whole night," Snakekit said.

Mosskit nodded, watching her as she ate a vole that Ginger had caught in the camp.

After Snakekit finished, she smiled weakly. "I'm ready to go..."

Ginger nodded. "Then we're off. You two can run down the hill if you want."

"Oh we don't have to..."

"Yeah, we have to!" Mosskit shouted as Snakekit, bursting down the hill.

He turned, seeing Snakekit run after him, a small smile on her face. Ginger followed behind, chasing them.

Mosskit ran, faster and faster, laughing. "Can't catch me!" He tumbled down the hill, Snakekit following him. Suddenly he felt a paw on his hip.

"Caught you," Snakekit laughed.

"Look out!" Ginger screeched.

Mosskit turned, seeing an angry fox growling at him. Snakekit stood, wide-eyed, about to run.

"What do we do?" Mosskit whimpered.

"I-I don't know," Snakekit whispered.

The fox snapped at Mosskit. Mosskit dodged it though, the fox almost grabbing his leg. The fox continued to prowl forward, ready to kill the she-cat and the tom.

Is this the whole reason we did this journey? Just to die like this?! Mosskit thought, believing it was the end.

All of the sudden Snakekit stood up, her chest puffed out. "Leave him alone!" she hissed.

"Snakekit, what are you doing?!" Mosskit gasped.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. Suddenly she leapt under the fox, the fox turning towards her.

"Can't catch me!" she taunted, beginning to run away in the bushes. The fox followed after her, leaves flying up into the air.

"SNAKEKIT!" Mosskit hissed. He was about to run when Ginger stopped him.

"You'll be killed if you go after her!" she hissed.

Mosskit sat. The fox and Snakekit did not return. Had that

really all happened. There he was, so close to reaching SnowClan when that fox had shown up. Snakekit was most likely dead. There was no way she could've outran that fox.

Mosskit sighed. "I love you, Snakekit," he whispered.

"I'm sorry," Ginger said. "But we must complete our journey. There's only a few more pawsteps to go."

Mosskit sighed. He really didn't care about SnowClan anymore or his past. He just wanted Snakekit to return.

Was that why she had been so cautious? Had she known that the fox would come and kill her? Maybe she had received a sign from StarClan.

Mosskit got up, his tail drooping as he followed Ginger into the forest. He kept looking back, trying to see if Snakekit would return, but she never did. Dead. She had to be dead. How could she have survived a fox?

Ginger stopped. Mosskit wondered why. Then he realized where he was. Scents of cats were all around. He was at the SnowClan camp!

He wanted to bounce with excitement, but a part of him couldn't...not with Snakekit gone.

"I have journeyed far with you," Ginger said.

"Ginger, will you-," but Ginger ignored him and continued speaking.

"But now it is my time to leave you, Mosskit."

"No! Don't leave!" Mosskit gasped. "Please! Stay at SnowClan!"

Ginger shook her head. "I sought you out to guide you and now I have. There is nothing more I can do. Good-bye, Mosskit. I wish you all the luck in SnowClan. Perhaps we will meet again someday." Mosskit gasped in astonishment as she faded away. He

stood, confused for a moment.

Suddenly, another bright light shone and Skycloud appeared with Mossclaw by her side.

"Momma! Daddy!" Mosskit gasped.

Mossclaw smiled and Skycloud did too. "I know you're confused about Ginger," Skycloud began. "When she was hit by that monster, she did die. But I sent her here to guide you."

"You mean I was guided by a dead cat?!" Mosskit gasped. Was that why she had been able to flash the predators away?! Suddenly anger spiked his pelt. Why hadn't she flashed the fox that killed Snakekit away?!

"You were guided by a StarClan cat," Mossclaw explained.

"You have done well, my son," Skycloud said. "Now you must continue your journey in SnowClan. You'll find everything you need to know about your past. Tell Ashpaw and Cinderpaw that I'm sorry."

"Ashpaw and Cinderpaw? Who?" Mosskit tilted his head.

"You'll learn soon," Mossclaw said. "Good-bye and good luck."

Mosskit sat, wondering what had just happened. Everyone he had known all his life had faded from him. But now, he would be stepping into a new life. He sighed, then stepped forward, walking towards the SnowClan camp...

Epilogue

"You did it!" Rosefur said, congratulating her daughter.

Skycloud smiled. "I'm just happy he made it to SnowClan," she smiled.

Mossclaw nuzzled his mate. "He's my son. Of course he would make it."

Skycloud laughed. "He's my son too, Mossclaw."

"Is this the end of your guidance for him now?" Tooth asked.

Before Skycloud could even reply, Icestar spoke. "No."

Skycloud nodded. "Yes, Icestar is right. Although I have safely guided him to SnowClan, there is so much more he will face. A new environment with new cats is just the beginning. He'll be learning about his past and future too."

"When will this start?" Petalnose asked her sister.

"It already has," Skycloud replied.

THE END OF BOOK TWO